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GENERAL M'CLELLAN ENTERING THE TOWN OF FREDERICK, MARYLAND.—THE POPULAR WELCOME.—[See next Page.]

M'CLELLAN AT FREDERICK.

We illustrate on the preceding page THE ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN AT FREDERICK, MARYLAND, when he had driven the rebels from the place. A correspondent of the *World* thus describes the scene:

General M'Clellan came into the town upon the central road, and such an ovation as greeted him! It was very different from Virginia. The people were overjoyed. Flags were displayed upon all the houses. There were all sizes and descriptions; large flags suspended across the streets, and little sixpenny flaglets waved by girls and boys, all of whom had been subject to the general contagion which pervaded every one.

The General rode through the town on a trot, and the street was filled six or eight deep with his staff and guard riding on behind him. The General had his head uncovered, and received gracefully the salutations of the people. Old ladies and men wept for joy, and scores of beautiful ladies waved flags from the balconies of houses upon the street, and their joyousness seemed to overcome every other emotion. When the General came to the corner of the principal street the ladies thronged around him. Bouquets, beautiful and fragrant, in great numbers were thrown at him, and the ladies crowded around him with the warmest good wishes, and many of them were entirely overcome with emotion. I have never witnessed such a scene. The General took the gentle hands which were offered to him with many a kind and pleasing remark, and heard and answered the many remarks and compliments with which the people accosted him. It was a scene which no one could forget—an event of a lifetime.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

SLAVERY PRACTICALLY ABOLISHED.

The proclamation of the President, which will be found in another column, practically abolishes slavery throughout the United States after next New-Year's Day. By the terms of that proclamation every negro shall become free who, on 1st January, 1863, shall reside in a section of country where the people are in rebellion. The evidence of rebellion, it appears, shall be the non-election of members of Congress by a majority of legally constituted voters. To carry out the Act fairly, we presume that, before New-Year's Day, the Speaker of Congress will direct an inquiry to be made with a view to ascertain what constituencies have failed to elect members. Upon his report the President will base his proclamation of emancipation, forever setting free and guaranteeing protection to every slave residing within such delinquent constituencies. In order to prevent trickery, no constituency will be deemed to be represented in Congress unless a majority of legally constituted voters have taken part in the election.

Under these conditions it is probable that nine-tenths of the slaves in the Southern States will become free on 1st January next. We do not suppose that any thing like a serious election of members of Congress will be attempted by a majority of legally constituted voters even in New Orleans, Memphis, or Norfolk. So long as the rebel armies keep the field, a majority of the people of the South will refuse to acknowledge their defeat, and will of course decline to participate in elections which would amount to a repudiation of their slave confederacy. In these three cities, and in most of the other places at the South which are occupied by the Union troops, the bulk of the legally constituted voters are in the rebel army, and could not—if they would—obtain furloughs for the purpose of returning home and electing members of Congress. It is just possible that, in the course of the next ninety days, the dread of negro emancipation may work a change in the views of some Southern communities, and that having to choose between two evils—abolition and submission—they may prefer the latter as the least intolerable. And it is also possible that our army and navy may make such rapid progress with the work of suppressing the rebellion that, by 1st January, 1863, the bulk of the Southern country may be overrun, and the hope of establishing a slave confederacy so thoroughly destroyed, that the rebels may be willing to make a virtue of necessity, and set about electing members of Congress. But if the rebel armies are not crushed within ninety days, and the people of the South humbled into submission, then the fiat has gone forth that New-Year's Day, 1863, shall bring freedom to the negro race in the rebel States.

Nor will the blessed boon be confined to those cotton States where this wretched rebellion arose. If Texas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas, Arkansas, and Tennessee become free States, it is utterly impossible that Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri can continue to maintain the institution of slavery. With free States on either side of them, they must abolish slavery, or it will abolish itself. The only difference between them and their Southern neighbors will be, that the United States will pay to the loyal owners in loyal States a fair compensation for the slaves whom they may voluntarily agree to emancipate.

We shall now see how this proclamation will be received—both at the South and at the North. There are those who believe that the rebels—especially if they are hard pressed by our armies—will meet it with a counter-proclamation, immediately emancipating their slaves, and arming them for defense. A policy of this character would render the task before us one of no common difficulty, as it would enable the rebels to recruit their weakened armies with a fresh force of nearly 500,000 men. It is, however, well-nigh impossible to believe that the rebel leaders would of their own free-will adopt the very policy the dread of whose adoption by us plunged them into the present war—that they would place arms in the hands of their slaves, and run the risk of a war of races on their own soil—that they would in the middle of the contest abandon the principle for which it was undertaken, and which they have declared to be the corner-stone of their confederacy. A better opinion appears to be, that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation will nerve them to still greater exertions than they have yet made, and that they will forthwith take measures to place their slaves out of reach of our troops. They will say, no doubt, that the President's proclamation will have no more practical effect than the previous *bruta fulmina* of Frémont and Hunter.

And how will negro emancipation be viewed at the North? There was a time, not very long since, when a large majority of the Northern people would have opposed it strenuously—not so much from any admiration for slavery, as from a belief that, under the Constitution, we had no right to meddle with it, and that its abolition involved dangers and inconveniences perhaps as formidable as those which were created by its existence. Even at the present time a mortal antipathy for the negro is entertained by a large class of persons at the North—as is evidenced by the recent vote against negroes in Illinois, the riots in Cincinnati and Brooklyn, and the unkind treatment of the negro fugitives at Hilton Head by the regiments of General Hunter's army. At the same time, the war has produced a remarkable change in the opinions of educated and liberal men at the North. Such leading men as General Wallace of Illinois, Daniel S. Dickinson of New York, General Butler of Massachusetts, and nine-tenths of the generals in the field—who, a year ago, really believed that slavery was the true station for the negro—have lately freely expressed what used to be called "abolition views." How long it will take for these liberal views to permeate society, and stamp themselves on the mind of the working-class, remains to be seen. We do not, for our part, apprehend any serious opposition at the North to the President's policy, except in circles whose loyalty to the country may well be questioned.

Demagogues will of course endeavor to excite our working-classes against the Government by threatening them with the competition of free negro labor. It seems hardly worth while to reply to so shallow and so mean an argument as this. Our laboring class in this country is intelligent enough to know that what we want in every part of this country is not fewer but more laborers. For years we at the North have been moving heaven and earth to get more labor from Europe, and we have succeeded in getting a very large number of men every year; yet wages have steadily advanced instead of falling. Who ever thought of opposing immigration for fear of the competition of the new Irishmen or Germans? So at the South. They have increased their stock of labor steadily by every means, lawful and unlawful, for thirty years, and yet the price of slaves has steadily risen from $400 to $1500 for adult field hands, and the cry—before the war—was still for more labor. The man who tries to frighten the North with threats of competition by emancipated negroes insults the understanding of our laboring class.

THE REBELS' FORTNIGHT IN MARYLAND.

The rebel army, under Generals Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell, and Hill, invaded the State of Maryland on 4th, 5th, and 6th September. The General Commanding issued his proclamation to the Maryland people, informing them that he had come to liberate them from the despotism of Lincoln, and intimating that he intended to stay. On the 18th September, just a fortnight after the advanced-guard of the rebels crossed the Potomac with this proclamation in their hands, the rear-guard of the same rebel army recrossed back into Virginia. What did they make by their fortnight's excursion?

They discovered, in the first place, that there was either no rebel sentiment in Maryland, or that if there was any it dared not show itself. They got no recruits. A few men from some of the western towns ran away from their homes to join them; but, to use their own words, "when they saw and smelt the rebel army," they thought better of the enterprise and returned whence they had come. On the other hand, it is estimated that they lost 4000 or 5000 men by desertion. Every house in the counties which they visited is found to contain rebel deserters. They met, of course, with no resistance from the farmers and villagers. But they met with no civility, and nothing like cordiality; while, on the other hand, the people of Frederick and Hagerstown almost went crazy with delight over the approach of the delivering army of the Potomac.

While in Maryland they fought two battles, in which they lost something like 20,000 men. Our losses, which were heavy likewise, were instantly repaired by the arrival of fresh troops. Theirs are not repaired yet, and can not be until they retire to the interior of the country, if then. General Lee's army is in the condition the army of the Potomac was after the battles before Richmond, when we were all half dreading to hear of its annihilation.

In both those battles they were defeated. At South Mountain we drove them from the strong positions they had seized in the mountain gaps. At Antietam, we took their position and forced them to retire across the Potomac. Whatever prestige they may have derived, therefore, from their victories at the Rappahannock and at Manassas has been destroyed by their defeats in Maryland. They invaded the State exultant, hopeful, flushed with triumph; they retire defeated, disappointed, disheartened.

They got some supplies in Maryland. We hear of their getting boots at Frederick, driving cattle in from the fields, and laying hands upon the produce of farmers. Whether they got enough to feed their army for a week is very doubtful. If they had 100,000 men—and some people think they had 150,000—it may safely be said that they did not. It is not likely that there were in all Frederick boots and shoes enough to furnish a brigade. An army of 100,000 men eats, or ought to eat, 500 barrels flour and 75,000 pounds of meat per day. To feed such an army for a week would require 3500 barrels flour, and 1500 head of cattle, besides vegetables, sugar, coffee, vinegar, etc. The rebels certainly found no such stock of supplies as this in the counties of Washington and Frederick, Maryland; and from what they did find must be deducted what they lost on their retreat. The chances are that, in supplies as in *morale* and physical strength, they were heavy losers by their visit to "My Maryland."

Under the circumstances it will be curious to see what the rebel Congress thinks of the enterprise which three-fourths of that body united in pronouncing wise, skillful, and full of promise.

THE LOUNGER.

CRAFT.

It is well known that Jefferson Davis has been steadily opposed to an aggressive policy. His motto is, *Let us alone.* His object is reconstruction, with a guarantee for slavery. His philosophy is, that if the loyal citizens see that the disloyal are resolved even unto death, the loyal will purchase peace by the surrender of the Government. His hope is that his arts will complete the work which his arms have begun.

But he sees that actual invasion of the Free States begets a hostility toward the rebels which is not felt while the seat of war is beyond their borders, and which must inevitably sweep along with it his open and secret allies in the North. If Pennsylvania were really invaded, for instance—Pennsylvania, which has rallied nearly a hundred thousand men for home defense, in addition to those she has sent to the field—how many votes would any policy of compromise or concession be likely to receive in Pennsylvania? Jefferson Davis means victory. He means that the slavery interest shall permanently and unquestionably control the Government of the United States, and he intends to do nothing that shall render that result hopeless.

Able and desperate as the rebel fighting has been, if it should seem to Davis that another method would more certainly secure his purpose, he would urge the laying down of arms by the rebellion, in order to turn to his advantage the tremendous reaction that would follow.

In this policy he is resisted by the South Carolina school, who are as impracticable in the rebellion as they were in the Union. The ardent Miles is of opinion that Stonewall Jackson, with a hundred thousand rebels, would march wherever he would, and do whatever he chose, in the Free States. Miles may be more ardent than Davis, but he is not so sagacious. He speaks for the loud and stringent popular clamor; but the popular clamor of a semi-barbarous horde, like the whites who compose the rank and file of the rebel army, is not so safe a guide as the cool brain of a cautious leader.

Besides, Miles and the South Carolina school doubtless wish a separation. They are less aware than Davis that separation is impossible. They do not understand that to a United States citizen the word Union is the same as nation. They do not see, as Davis sees, that the end of the war must be one of two things: either the absolute victory of the Northern principle that slavery, as the controlling power of the Government, shall be annihilated, or of the Southern principle that the control of slavery over the Government shall be put beyond dispute.

Of course every party and person at the North who, in this condition of public affairs, is anxious that the war shall end without touching slavery belongs to Jefferson Davis. That is his sole and supreme desire. Therefore he says that Hunter and Phelps, and every man who lays his hand upon slavery, shall be hung summarily.

Why does he say it? Because he knows that if the war ends with slavery untouched, except in the few cases of fugitives, whether he be victorious or conquered, he has that vast interest as the capital of new political combinations.

That is the danger which threatens the country. That is the political programme unrolled by Mr. Horatio Seymour, who, when Jefferson Davis and his fellows merely threatened the Government, begged the Government to surrender. The surrender which Mr. Seymour and his friends could not effect before the war, they hope that the losses and sufferings of the war may have made practicable. They may indeed understand a party, but they are woefully ignorant of the people.

CARLYLE'S "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

The volume of Carlyle's history of Frederick just published will disappoint no reader. It is altogether masterly in its comprehension and delineation of the events that attended the opening of Frederick's active career. The unanimous testimony of English criticism in its favor will be heartily approved here, with the wish that the author might have undertaken, or even still undertake, a work which has never been adequately written—the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. A man who sees so clearly the essential point of the matter, who has so profound an admiration and instinctive perception of manhood, such a contempt of pretense and such marvelous literary skill, would have given us a picture of the Empire which would have been as memorable as that of the Revolution. Napoleon indeed was a good deal of a charlatan, and Carlyle hates that kind. But the Great Frederick had his weaknesses. Did he, or did he not, run away from his first battle?

Even Carlyle will find it impossible to make his hero a hero precious to mankind. A wonderfully instructive and often repulsive chapter of history his life was, and wonderfully Carlyle recounts it. But the heart does not warm to the friend of Voltaire, the military philosopher of Sans Souce, the selfish and ambitious soldier. He was a flashing, prodigious feature in the luckless century, as Carlyle thinks it, in which he lived and altered the map of the world. But the sweet, great, manly traits and tendernesses we seek in vain.

In the Berlin museum, or perhaps in the royal palace, there is a wax figure of old Frederick dressed in the actual clothes he wore, with his three-cornered hat and cane. The face has the gaunt, wiry, weazened look that is familiar. The head is canted aside; and the whole expression is grim, shrewd, and repulsive. The old father, who kidnapped tall men that he might have big soldiers, could hardly have looked more unfriendly than the doughty son.

It is the same figure, younger of course, that moves through these resounding volumes. They are most timely for their military descriptions. Carlyle's battle-pieces are more vivid and picturesque than Vernet's. It is not easy to find finer writing any where than many descriptive passages on those pages, and especially in the last volume. We may compare the battle work of a century ago with that of to-day almost within our own hearing; and with so terrible a commentary of living fact the old story is startlingly real. Through all these is the same earnest tone with which we regard our own fight. To a historian, who is also a man, like Carlyle, every drop of blood shed has a special sanctity, for it is shed either for or against humanity. We may differ with him in his theory of men and affairs, but we can not deny his equal interest and earnestness with ours.

There is plenty of time now for all who have the opportunity to read this book and reflect upon it. It is the result of many years of faithful labor and research among the most unpromising and dreary materials, and it is the work of one of the great scholars and thinkers of the time; a man at whom some affect to sneer, but whose mark upon the literature and mind of his country is greater than that of any of his contemporaries.

HONORS EASY.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the bill prohibiting slavery in the Territories was introduced by Mr. Lovejoy, or did he merely report it from the Committee? And can you give me the words of the Act? Truly yours,

"INQUIRER."

The bill was drawn and introduced by Isaac N. Arnold, the representative from the Chicago district of Illinois—a personal friend and supporter of the President, a firm, calm, clear, constitutional anti-slavery man. It was referred to a committee, and after some unimportant alterations it was reported to the House by Mr. Lovejoy.

Of course it is only an Act of Congress, and may be repealed. But it can not be repealed until the rebellion is successful, either by arms or by diplomacy. And it is the duty of all loyal, patriotic, constitutional, and Christian men to see that this great victory of Liberty over Slavery is maintained until it is as integral a fact of history as the Protestant Reformation.

The words of the Act are these:

"To the end that freedom may be and remain forever the fundamental law of the land in all places whatsoever, so far as it lies within the power or depends upon the action of the Government of the United States to make it so: therefore,

"*Be it enacted*, etc., That from and after the passage of this Act there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the Territories of the United States now existing, or which may at any time hereafter be formed or acquired by the United States, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

This is the bill of Mr. Arnold, of Illinois. It is the re-enactment of Jefferson's proposition for the Northwest Territory. It is the watch-word of American Liberty, and the future union and peace and grandeur of the country. Compare it and its consequences with Mr. Crittenden's "Compromise" and *its* consequences! Which, honestly considered, promises the most permanent peace? Which would a man wish to tell his grandchildren that he voted for?

COURAGE.

In the droll debate upon the invasion of the North, which was the entertainment offered by the rebel Congress on the 13th of September, Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, said a very good thing. "I do believe it is the true policy of war to strike wherever you find a weak point within your own limits or on the soil of the enemy."

That was also the opinion of Oliver Cromwell, who said that "weak counsel and weak action ruin all." He was weak in neither. The consequence was, that he conquered in England, Ireland, and Scotland, and although his commonwealth's

form of government fell, he secured forever and for all Englishmen the civil rights for which John Hampden contended.

If the Government of the United States would take a final leave of weak counsels and weak actions it would simultaneously take leave of disaster and defeat. Mr. Seward, for instance, is a scholar. How does he think conciliation would have worked in Ireland? How would it have answered in Scotland? Instead of the way of conciliation, Cromwell took that of Tredar and Dunbar. And consequently life, rights, expense of every kind, and untold delays and disasters were saved.

No man advises massacres or murders in waging war. But to prevent them, strike when you strike, don't pat. When you have read your riot act, and have summoned rioters to disperse before your loaded muskets, give them time to go. If they stay and threaten and you still wish to be merciful, fire into them, not over them. Every bullet that you fire over the heads of the enemy kills ten of your own men before it is spent. Napoleon knew that, and never fired until he meant to hit.

In the droll debate at Richmond Mr. Ayer, another Carolina comedian, said that "Mirabeau, the French philosopher, declared that the only way to conduct a successful revolution was to dare, to dare again, and still to dare." The Southern statesmen are very proud of their literature, and of their general superiority to the mud-sills of the North, but Mr. Ayer must rub up his history a little. Mirabeau was an orator, *not* a philosopher; and Mirabeau did *not* say it. It was the speech of Danton, a very different person—an appropriate authority for Mr. Ayer to quote in a rebel Congress. Mr. Ayer will not forget how and where Danton ended, after his dare, and dare, and dare. He had his head cut off by those who dared a little more than he.

Yet, whoever says it, victory belongs to vigor, and vigor comes from conviction, and conviction makes all methods clear and easy Let the Government understand the conviction of the nation and follow its wishes, and a victory which settles the war will be the result.

GO!

I'LL pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, my noble-hearted son!
Go forth and fight for Liberty until the cause is won.
It may seem strange a while to miss thy comfort and thy care,
But now our army calls for aid, and thou art needed there.

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, go forth upon thy way:
A mother's love shall follow thee, and bless thee day by day.
I would not place my feeble hand before thy kindling eyes
While gazing on the altar—*red with freedom's sacrifice!*

No! leave me now and act thy part. Yet sometimes at the hour
When twilight shadows gather round, and gentler thoughts have power
To sway the heart, oh! think of her who hourly prays for thee;
And bind the watch-word to thy heart—the watch-word, "LIBERTY."

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH WIT AND HUMOR.

OUR old friend *Punch*, which used once to be so merry and genial a companion, has latterly been devoting a good deal of attention to the United States, and has sent over an agent here to procure subscriptions for the republication of its back volumes. Some of *Punch's* good things about this country are so bright and cheery and kindly that we have thought it would do our readers good to see a few of them, collected from half a dozen recent numbers, as models of British good humor and genial compliment. Time was when *Punch* was the undying foe to slavery every where. Now he says, sighing over the reduced market for British manufactures in this country:

Jonathan and Jefferson, come listen to my song—
I can't decide, upon my word, which of you is most wrong;
I do declare I am afraid to say which worse behaves,
The North imposing bonds on trade, or South that man enslaves.

PUNCH SENDS US TO ——.

The ultimate destiny manifest to mankind at large as that which is reserved for you Yankees is not that of going where all good niggers go.

WE ARE BRUTAL AND MALIGNANTLY FEROCIOUS.

I must say, friend Jonathan, to judge by the way in which you are going on, that, as regards this world at any rate, your manifest destiny—a destiny in evident course of accomplishment—is that of descending to the very lowest place. It has for some time been said that, in form and features, your people are approaching tne Red Indian type, and I now find you exulting in the worst brutality of Sepoys, while you also emulate their malignant ferocity.

THE LOWEST KIND OF SAVAGES.

Jonathan, you see, you are sinking from bad to worse, from savage to lower savage, and your manifest destiny, at that rate of decadence, is the zero of humanity. But will you stop there, Jonathan?

YAHOOS, IN FACT—

Your manifest destiny, unless you return to reason, is all of you to be turned to apes with foreheads villainous low. You will be up a tree indeed, holding on with your feet as well as your hands, like the other quadrumana. Already, Jonathan, you have morally subsided to the undermost moral level. Take care you don't physically degenerate into a Yahoo.

COWARDS,

Woman is the Englishman's friend, the American's doll. Poor Dolly, she is ruthlessly smashed the moment she even winks derision. But how do the brave but susceptible Northerners treat *men* who manifest similar contempt? General Banks runs away from them—gives them the cut direct. Perhaps this is almost as safe a course as General Butler's.

BLUNDERERS,

The Orleans Princes avowedly went out to learn the art of war, and they found their teachers the most helpless blunderers that ever undertook what they could not perform. It was due to their own character to leave as soon as they discovered how they had been swindled.

AND RUFFIANS.

In addition to this, the Orleans Princes are gentlemen, and it must have been odious to them to remain in a service where the boldest lying instead of the boldest fighting was in demand, and where it was possible for them to have come under the orders of a ruffian. These Princes have certainly not lessened their claims to the respect of their countrymen by quitting a service from which they retired as soon as they were completely convinced that they could study little but blunder, braggadocio, and brutality.

BUTLER IS A SEPOY.

General Butler made a law,
And a proclamation,
On his head which fails to draw
Yankee execration;
If New Orleans ladies were
To his troops uncivil,
That they should serve the saucy fair
Like the Social Evil.
Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
Butler is a rare Yahoo,
As brave as Sepoy Pandy.

POPE COMMANDS BURGLARS AND THIEVES;

The forces of General Pope had better be organized by distribution into divisions, each destined to carry out a special operation. One squad of these scoundrels, selected for service requiring the muscular strength of powerful ruffians, might be formed into a brigade under the denomination of Heavy Burglars; while another set of thieves, designed for nimbler depredations, might take the name of Light Prigs. There might also be a scientific corps of Pickers and Stealers, capable, doubtless, of stealing any thing but a march on the enemy; but particularly expeditious in stealing away.

LIKEWISE RAGAMUFFINS.

It is not probable that any of General Pope's villains march wide between the legs, because, under the present humane conditions of penal discipline, none of them could have been accustomed to have gyves on. There is doubtless more than a shirt and a half in each company of them, because, if they heretofore wanted underclothing, by this time we may be sure that they have found linen enough on every hedge. It is devoutly to be hoped that Pope will soon have led his ragamuffins where they are peppered.

WE ARE NOT CONQUERING,

The *habeas corpus* has been suspended in the North, the Press is gagged, and the Federal States are trying to reduce the Confederates to subjection. But to accomplish this end they are fighting and not conquering in a fratricidal war, spreading devastation, inflicting and suffering ruin and slaughter.

BUT VIOLATING EVERY CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

The Yankees are violating every principle of Christianity. These things cost some money, but expense can be no object to a Government running up a debt which will be limited only by a panic and ultimately repudiated.

AND THIS IS THE STYLE OF OUR DISPATCHES.

"*Camp, Chickabiddy Chokee, Monday afternoon.*—The Federal troops have won another splendid victory. Seeing that the rebels were approaching in great force at 6 A.M. this morning, I issued my directions for a general advance an order which our brave fellows were prompt to carry out. The advance was made in the identical direction as that in which the rebel army were proceeding, and was achieved, I need not say, with the most complete success. Astonishing to say, the whole of our front line escaped without a hurt; and with the exception of a few slight wounds and bruises in the rear, I really have no casualties worth mention to report. A good deal of our baggage and some few hundred stand of arms we left upon the field for a strategic purpose, and we likewise abandoned about a score of field-pieces which were found to impede the rapid movement of our troops."

BOTH SIDES ARE ROGUES.

When rogues fall out, our fathers said,
True men come by their own.
That proverb's now, by fact quite dead
Against it, overthrown.
Lo, North and South the Sword have drawn
And meet with bayonets crossed!
And our supply of cotton's gone,
Our weavers' living lost.

WE MURDER THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

The Yankees are always blustering loudly about going to war with England. We should regret it for more reasons than one, should such a wicked calamity ever occur, and frankly because (to mention only one of our many reasons) we should be frightened, inasmuch as we never had five minutes' conversation with a Yankee yet, without coming away with the painful conviction of what a rare adept he was in *murdering the Queen's English!*

ARE WORSE THAN GOG AND MAGOG.

Ridiculous, wooden, repelling, unnatural as they may be, still against Gog and Magog, I would back the American Demagogue to go in and win!

IMBECILE DRUNKARDS,

This furious fool (Cassius Clay) resembles nothing ever heard in England out of Bedlam, except the noisy truculent drivel of a violent imbecile drunkard, in a paroxysm of *delirium tremens*, belching frantic impotent abuse in the tap-room of a low public house.

DRUNKEN BLACKGUARDS,

Only a drunken Yankee blackguard could abuse and blaspheme England in return for the romantic generosity with which she has abstained from supplying the South with the ships and the weapons which were all that they wanted for the swift discomfiture of Yankeedom.

AND LIARS.

Cassius M. Clay may pass for a stump orator; but it was evidently from no stump that he howled his false nonsense. He must have been rolling in the kennel or sprawling on the ground; it is clear that he was unable to stand or go, manifest that he was lying.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

WASHINGTON, *Monday, September* 22.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare, that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of Slavery within their respective limits: and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such.

ARTICLE—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any person to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court-Martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled, "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall, in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on or being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterward occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretense whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed), be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, *including the loss of slaves.*

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this Twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

EXPULSION OF THE REBELS FROM MARYLAND

Last week we announced that Jackson had recrossed the Potomac, and that a great battle would probably be fought on 17th. It was fought accordingly on that day, near the little stream named Antietam, and resulted in a victory for the Union troops. We give some details of the battle, with several illustrations, on pages 632, 633, and 634. The day after the battle our army was busily engaged in burying the dead and caring for the wounded on both sides. Meanwhile, on 18th, the rebels succeeded in crossing the river back into Virginia. By daylight on the morning of 19th they had all got across, though General Pleasanton with his cavalry harassed their rear, and took many prisoners and stores. On the evening of 19th some of our troops went forward on a reconnoissance, and crossed the river at the ford near Shepherdstown. They were stoutly resisted by the rebels, but succeeded in retiring to the Maryland side, bringing four pieces of the rebel artillery with them. On 20th another reconnoissance into Virginia was made by General Barnes, with his own and a portion of General Sykes's brigade. Shortly after our troops had been placed in position the enemy emerged from under the cover of woods with a line of infantry nearly a mile long. Both forces soon engaged, when the order was given to retire, which was done in good order, the enemy following closely behind. When they came within range fire was opened by twenty pieces of our artillery, posted on the Maryland bank, with such effect that they were forced to retire out of reach. Their loss must have been heavy, as the explosions of our shells were seen to make large gaps in their ranks. Our loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was about one hundred and fifty. The troops safely returned to Maryland, bringing their wounded with them.

A RECONNOISSANCE TO THOROUGHFARE GAP.

A detachment of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry made a reconnoissance on 18th from Washington in the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, and returned on 19th with 32 rebel prisoners, and a number of wagons and ambulances on their way to Richmond. The country around them was clear of rebels and undefended. Three of the prisoners belonged to the body-guard of the rebel General Ewell, who narrowly escaped capture, having left only a short time previous to the arrival of our cavalry. The General was wounded, and is on his way back to Richmond.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK IN KENTUCKY.

The news from Cincinnati states that the rebels were falling back from Florence, Kentucky, on 17th, and at last accounts were between Demassville and Falmouth, having destroyed the bridges on the Covington and Lexington Railroad in their way. A scouting party of 53 of the 10th Kentucky cavalry engaged 100 rebels near Florence on 17th, and killed five, wounded seven, and routed the remainder. Our loss was one killed and one wounded.

It is supposed that Bragg, Kirby Smith, and H. Marshall are uniting their forces.

THREATENED ATTACK ON LOUISVILLE

It is reported from Louisville that a portion of General Buell's forces attacked and defeated Bragg's rear-guard at Horse Cave on 18th, and that Bragg was reported subsequently to have moved the main body of his army across the river southward from Munfordsville. It appears, however, by another dispatch from Louisville, that, instead of moving southward, Bragg moved northward toward Louisville, eluding General Buell, and getting several hours the start of him. The greatest excitement existed in Louisville in consequence, and General Nelson, who is in command there, immediately commenced preparations to defend the city to the last, giving notice to the inhabitants to be ready to remove the women and children at once. Most of the stores were closed, and an attack was apprehended within forty-eight hours.

THE NEW ARMY CORPS.

The reorganized army corps are now commanded as follows: 1st—Major-General Joseph Hooker, born in Massachusetts, appointed from California; 2d—Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, born in Massachusetts, appointed from New York; 3d—Major-General Samuel P. Heintzelman, born in Pennsylvania, appointed from the same State; 4th—Major-General Erasmus D. Keyes, born in Massachusetts, appointed from Maine; 5th—Major-General Fitz John Porter, born in New Hampshire, appointed from the District of Columbia. 6th—Major-General William B. Franklin, born in Pennsylvania, appointed from the same State; 7th—Major-General John A. Dix, born in New Hampshire, appointed from New York; 8th—Major-General John E. Wool, born in New York, appointed from the same State; 9th—Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, born in Indiana, appointed from Rhode Island; 10th—Major-General Ormsby M. Mitchell, born in Kentucky, appointed from New York; 11th—Major-General John Sedgwick, born in Connecticut, appointed from the same State; 12th—Major-General Franz Sigel, born in Germany, appointed from Missouri.

ANOTHER CRUISE OF THE "ESSEX."

The gun-boat *Essex*, Commodore Porter, has made another expedition up the river. On reaching Natchez, the *Essex* sent a boat's crew ashore for ice. This boat was fired upon and several men were wounded, whereupon Commodore Porter threw shot and shell into Natchez for two hours and a half, when the town surrendered. Coming down the river, the Commodore stopped at Bayou Sara, a celebrated haunt of guerrillas, sent men ashore, and burned all but two houses—so there's an end of Bayou Sara. Further down the river, a battery of 34 guns opened on the *Essex*, and a fierce battle, at not more than 80 feet distance, began, which lasted an hour. The rebel battery was mounted with guns of very heavy calibre; but that circumstance only sufficed to prove the remarkable powers of resistance of the *Essex*. Her iron sides were struck in a multitude of places with 10-inch and other sized balls, the result in all cases being the same—a slight indentation into the sides of the steamer, and then the balls breaking into a thousand fragments and falling harmlessly into the water. The *Essex* commenced with the upper gun and silenced them all, one after the other.

FAILURE OF THE REBEL EXPEDITION TO NEW MEXICO.

We hear of the annihilation of the rebel force under General Sibley in New Mexico. After the capture of Santa Fé, some time since, the rebels started back toward El Paso. We last heard of them at Fort Craig. Near Fort Fillmore Sibley was caught between the New Mexican troops under General Canby and the new troops from California; result—a perfect smash of the rebels, who lost horses, arms, cannon, stores, and sutler's trains, a great many killed and wounded, and half their original force taken prisoners. The survivors were so much exasperated that they assassinated General Sibley and Colonel Steele during their retreat. The Union forces, immediately after the fight, took possession of El Paso and Fort Bliss, near by, and sent a detachment to Camp Quitman, 80 miles east of El Paso. Thereupon the Texans evacuated Fort Davis, 200 miles east of El Paso, and all the other forts in the extreme northwest of the State—Fort Clark, 120 miles from San Antonio, now being the nearest fort to El Paso held by the Texans.

A NAVAL OFFICER DISMISSED.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, *Sept.* 20, 1862

Commander George Henry Preble, senior officer in command of the blockading force off Mobile, having been guilty of neglect of duty in permitting the armed steamer *Oreto* to run the blockade, thereby not only disregarding Article 3d, Section 10th, of the Articles of War (which requires an officer to do his utmost to overtake and capture or destroy every vessel which it is his duty to encounter), but omitting the plainest ordinary duty committed to an officer, is, by order of the President, dismissed from the naval service from this date. The commander of each vessel of war, on the day after the receipt of this published general order, will cause it to be read on the quarter-deck at general muster, together with the accompanying reports, and enter both upon the vessel's log.

GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

A STATEMENT FROM MRS. M'CLELLAN.

The following letter has been published:

To the Editor of the Hartford Courant:

At the dépôt in New Haven I was introduced by my friend Mr. W. to Mrs. M'Clellan. I found her to be an intelligent young woman, having with her a sweet infant, which was almost smothered by the caresses of a number of soldiers who had learned that she was a young M'Clellan. On my way to this city, in the cars, through the politeness of her aunt, Mrs. A., I enjoyed the pleasure of some conversation with her. She was very affable, and seemed to take an interest in the fact that a nephew of mine, the colonel of a New York regiment, who recently died of disease contracted before Richmond, was a class-mate at West Point of her husband. She seemed much elated with the recent news. She said that when her husband was appointed Major-General she was not much affected by it; but now, that he has been restored to his command, and had accomplished such a triumph, after all that had been done to degrade him, she acknowledged she felt proud. I replied that she had a perfect right to feel so. She said that her husband had undertaken this last service with great reluctance, but it had been pressed upon him with an assurance that he should not be interfered with. I remarked to her that at first I felt great confidence in her husband, which afterward I had, to a certain extent, lost; but that I had, previous to his last success, regained it. She said the same observation had been made by others. I told her I thought the General had not done justice to himself, in not explaining to the public circumstances which looked unfavorable to him. "Do you not think," said she, "that it was more patriotic in him to bear his wrongs in silence, rather than to trouble the Government, as some others have done, with demands for investigations and courts-martial, when the delays caused by them would be injurious to the country? The General," she remarked, "when the clouds covering him were of the darkest hue, had faith that God would yet make him an instrument of good to the cause of his country."

MORE REBEL CHIVALRY.

A few days since one of Commodore Farragut's men was tied to a tree and disemboweled by a party of Mississippians, who captured him while wandering to the shore, near the gun-boats, in the neighborhood of Vicksburg. A party of rebels recently visited a house on Pawpaw Island, ten miles below Vicksburg, and demanded food for themselves in the name of the Confederacy. The only occupant of the house was an old woman eighty years of age, who gave them the dinner they desired, but told them they were trying to break up one of the best Governments in the world, and that they could never form another as good. She begged them to disperse and go to their homes, and cease to annoy the people of the region around. The ruffians became enraged at her words, and after numerous threats against every friend of the Union, they deliberately carried her out of the house and hung her upon a tree before her own door.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

Returns of the election for Governor in Maine have been received from three hundred and eighty-four towns. The result, as compared with the vote in the same towns last year, is as follows:

	1862.	1861.
Republican	4[illegible],913	53,316
War Democratic	6,738	19,818
Peace Democratic	30,466	18,073

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

COURT CIRCULAR.

THE London *Herald* of the 2d inst says: "Mr. Mason, the Commissioner from the Southern Confederacy, is at present paying a visit to Scotland. On Thursday he was at Glasgow, and on Friday proceeded to Glenquoich, the residence of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice. He had previously been the guest of Mr. Stewart, of Murdostoun Castle."

ITALY.

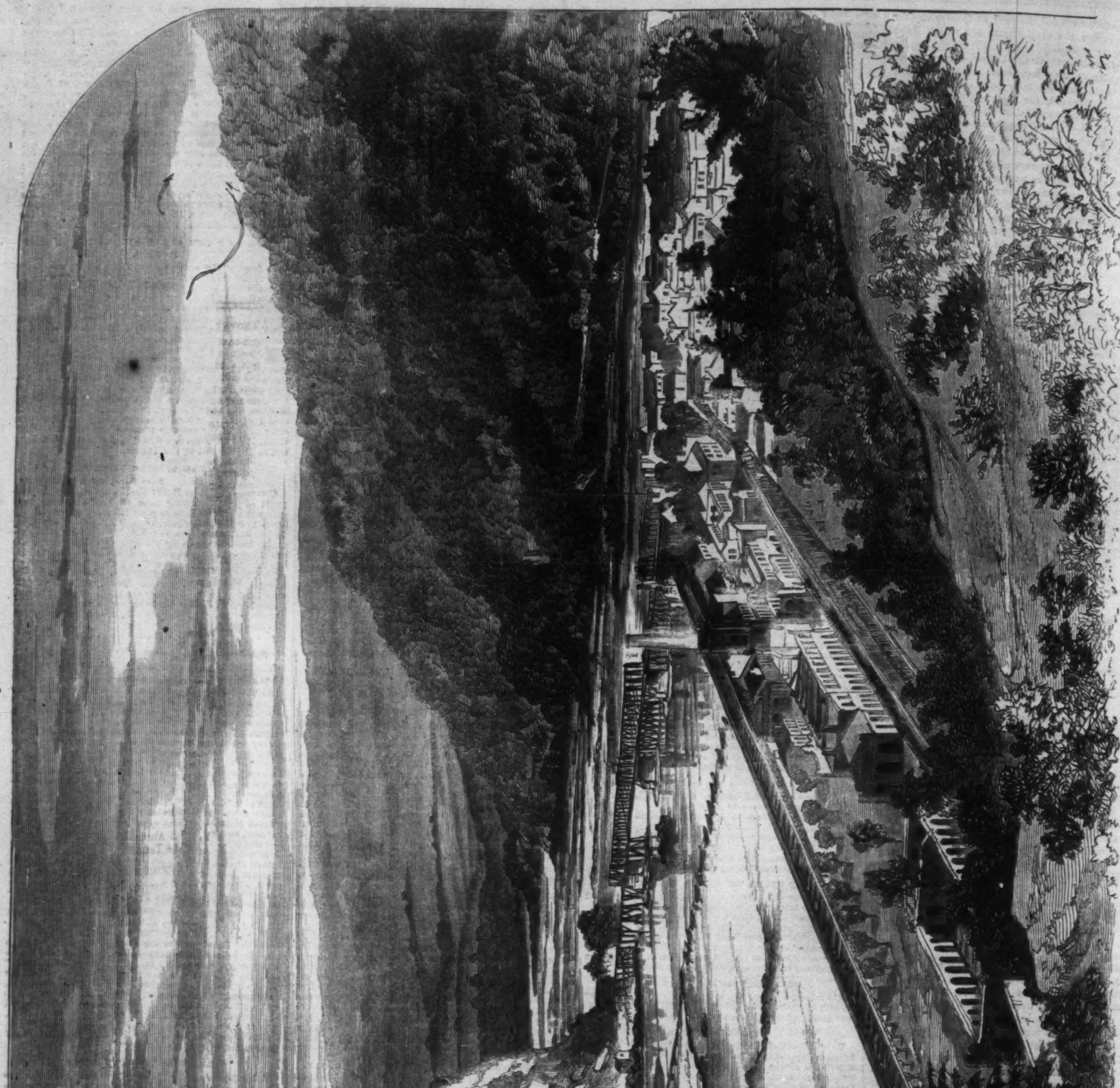
GARIBALDI'S PROSPECTS.

Garibaldi's wound is said to be of a serious nature. He asks to be placed on board an English vessel. No documents or money were found at the place of his defeat. No decision had been come to with regard to his trial. The people of Italy are in favor of a general amnesty.

BERMUDA.

MORE PRIZES TO BE TAKEN.

It appears that there are now lying in the port of St. George no less than five "Anglo-Confederate" steamers awaiting a chance to give aid to the rebels, but apparently in a quandary as to their future movements. One of them, the *Minho*, arrived from Charleston with cotton for Liverpool, but was out of coal, and had to burn her bulwarks and mainmast for fuel.



GENERAL VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY AND THE MARYLAND HEIGHTS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 634.]

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN.—[Photographed by Brady.]

HARPER'S FERRY.

We give, on the preceding page, a view of Harper's Ferry, which was surrendered to the rebels by Colonel Miles on 15th. Skirmishing commenced on the Maryland Heights on Thursday afternoon, 11th, continuing three hours. The battle was renewed again on Friday morning, at daybreak. Our forces held their ground until about noon, when, being flanked on the left, they were compelled to fall back to the large guns. Not long afterward these were spiked, and the whole command retreated down the mountain. On Sunday the enemy commenced a fierce cannonading from the Maryland and Loudon Heights, which was replied to by our forces. It continued until sunset, our guns holding their own in fine style. During Sunday night the rebels planted more guns, and in the morning opened in all directions upon our forces, drawn up in line of battle on Bolivar Heights. It appeared to the officers commanding useless to contend against such overwhelming odds, and the white flag was raised at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock. A few moments later Colonel Miles was struck by a piece of shell, which carried away his left thigh. The commands which surrendered were:

Colonel Downye, Third Maryland Home Brigade	600
Colonel Malesby, First Maryland Home Brigade	900
Hundred and Fifteenth New York	1000
Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York	1000
Thirty-ninth New York	530
Hundred and Eleventh New York	1000
Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York	1000
Thirty-second Ohio	650
Twelfth New York State Militia	500
Eighty-seventh Ohio	900
Ninth Vermont	800
Sixty-fifth Illinois	850
Graham's Battery	110
M'Grath's	115
Fifteenth Indiana	143
Phillips's New York Battery	120
Potts's Battery	100
Rigby's Battery	100
Scattered companies	50
Officers connected with Head-quarters and Commissary Department	50

The following guns were surrendered:

12 3-inch rifles.
6 James's rifles.
6 24-pound howitzers.
4 20-pound Parrott guns.
6 12-pounders.
4 12-pound howitzers.
2 10-inch Dahlgrens.
1 50-pound Parrott.
6 6-pound guns.

350 will cover our loss in killed and wounded.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN.

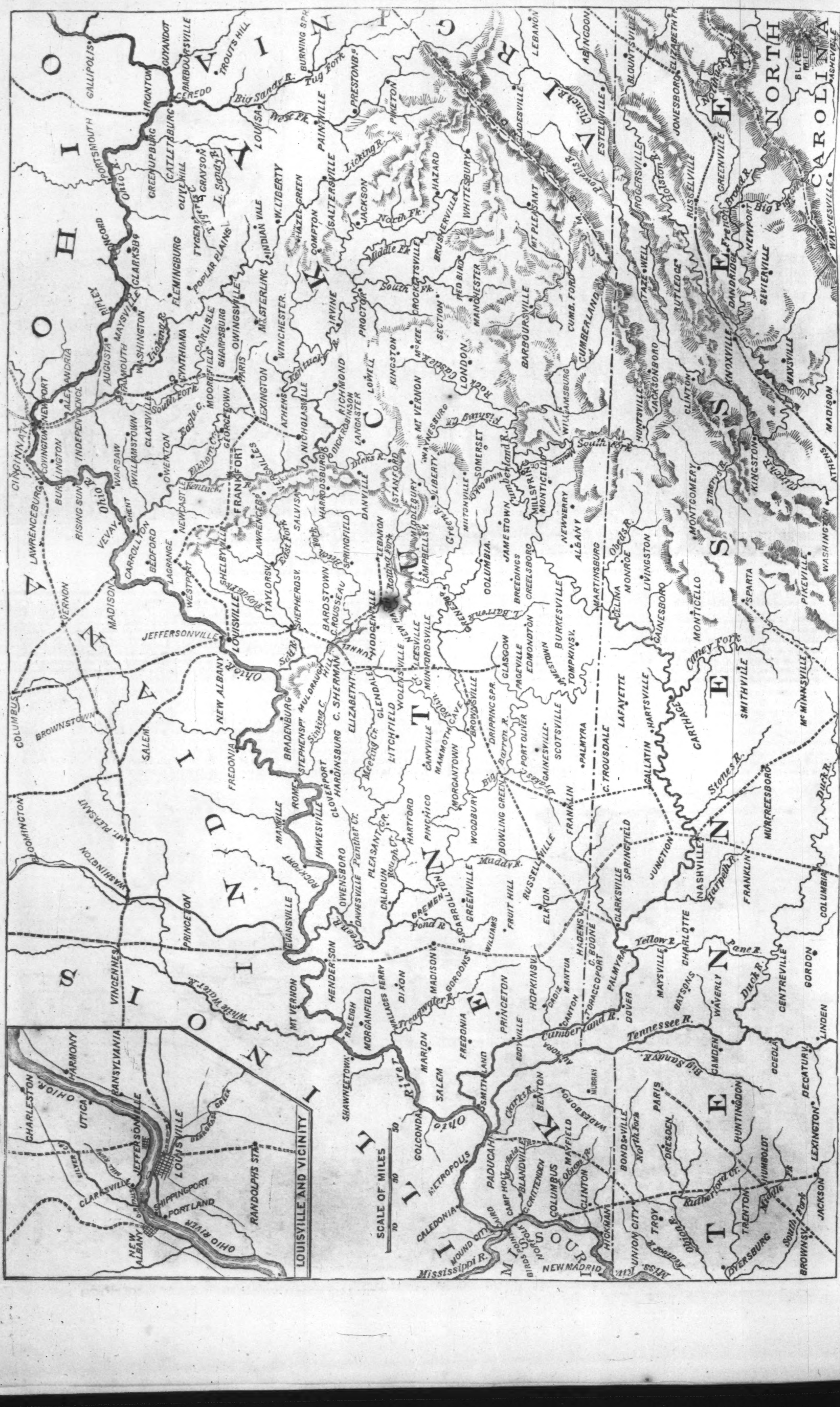
We publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of Major-General Franklin, commander of the 6th army corps of the Army of the Potomac.

William Benjamin Franklin was born in Pennsylvania about the year 1821, and entered West Point in 1839. He graduated at the head of his class in 1843; being a classmate of Ulysses S. Grant, Reynolds, Augur, etc. On the 1st of July, 1843, he was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and on the 21st of September, 1846, received his full commission. He served in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at Buena Vista, dating from February 23, 1847. This brevet was awarded in May, 1848. From July 1848 to 1850 he was Acting Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Military Academy at West Point. He was next placed on light-house duty, to which he was appointed in January, 1853. He received his full commission of First Lieutenant in March, 1853, and Captain on the 1st of July, 1857. In the Army Register for 1859 he was the junior captain but one in the corps, and in that of 1860 last but two. In the register for 1861 his name stands two degrees higher on the roll, there being four captains his junior. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was appointed to the coloneley of the Twelfth United States Infantry, one of the new regular regiments organized at the commencement of the rebellion. With this rank he had charge of the first brigade of the third division of General M'Dowell's army at Bull Run.

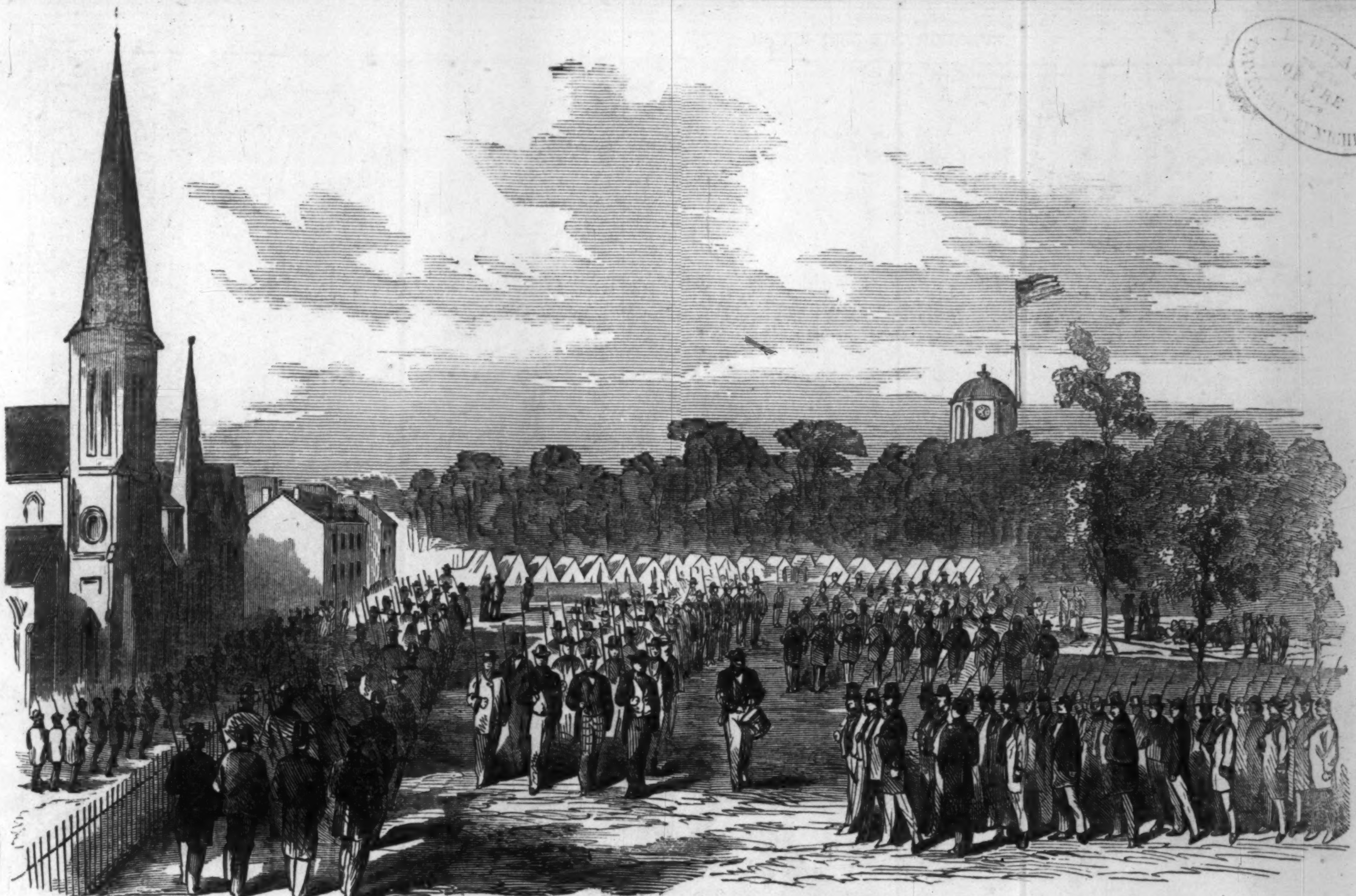
He was appointed a Brigadier-General in July, and, on the reorganization of the army, was given the command of a division consisting of the brigades of Slocum, Kearney, and Newton, which afterward became the first division of the first army corps commanded by M'Dowell. When M'Dowell was directed to remain at Fredericksburg, Franklin was detached and sent to M'Clellan on the peninsula. No officer won higher distinction than he in the memorable contests on the march to Richmond, and as a reward for his gallantry he was appointed to the command of an army corps with the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He has lately won fresh laurels at the battles of South Mountain and Sharpsburg.

THE LATE GENERAL MANSFIELD.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 636.]

THE LATE GENERAL RENO.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 634.]



WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY, SHOWING THE PRESENT FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN THAT STATE.



THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT HARRISBURG TURNED INTO A CAMP.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

AT HARRISBURG.

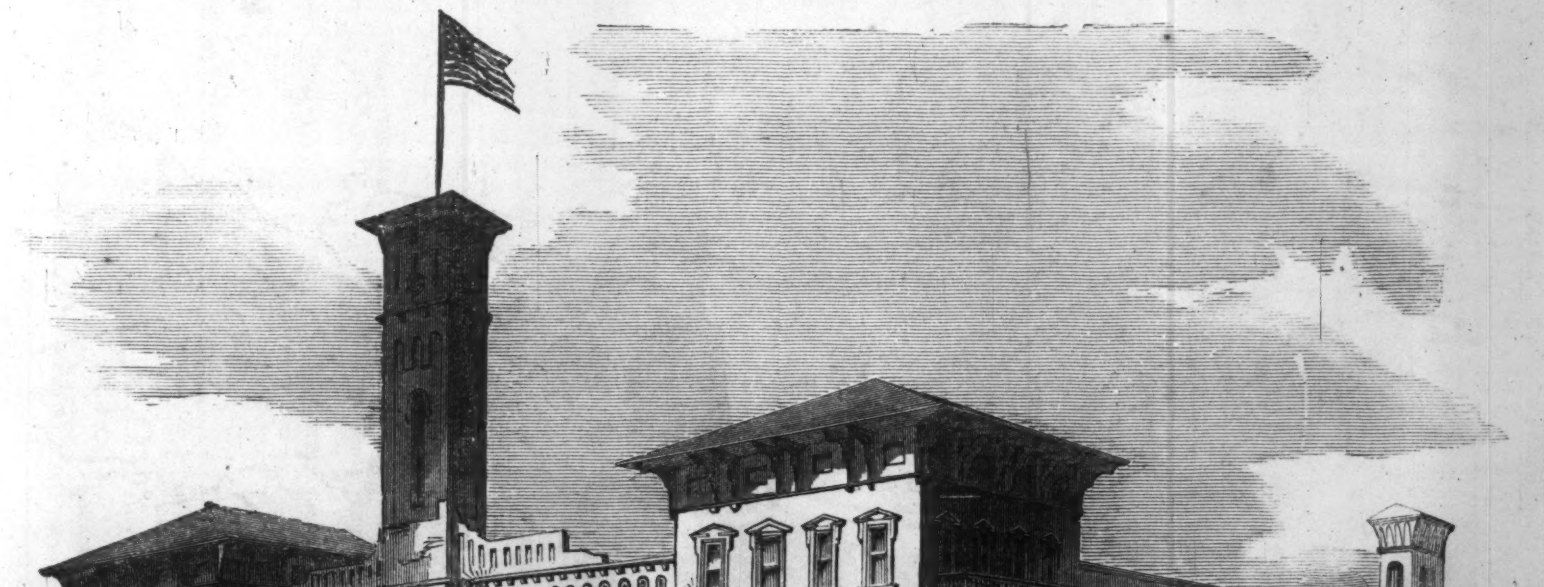
MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS sends us a couple of sketches from Harrisburg, which we reproduce on this page. They explain themselves. In the memory of the oldest inhabitant Harrisburg has never known such an excitement as the one which it has lately experienced. In the language of every visitor, words fail to describe the martial enthusiasm of the Pennsylvanians, or the almost countless throngs of soldiers who have filed through the State capital to take part in the defense of their State against the invader. Governor Curtin reports 75,000 Pennsylvanians under arms.

A *Times* correspondent says:

Recruits are constantly arriving here. From early dawn yesterday until quite late at night, every train was bringing in its patriotic freight, until we now have troops from every county in the State. Camp Curtin is crowded to overflowing; the beautiful grounds of the Capitol is one vast encampment covered with tents; the Senate and House of Representatives turned into a barracks, as well as every other room in the Capitol not immediately required for executive purposes; the Court-house is also appropriated to the soldiers, and, indeed, every available place has been seized upon as a war "dépôt;" the private houses, in the mean time, opening their doors to and lavishing their hospitality upon all the brave boys who choose to partake.

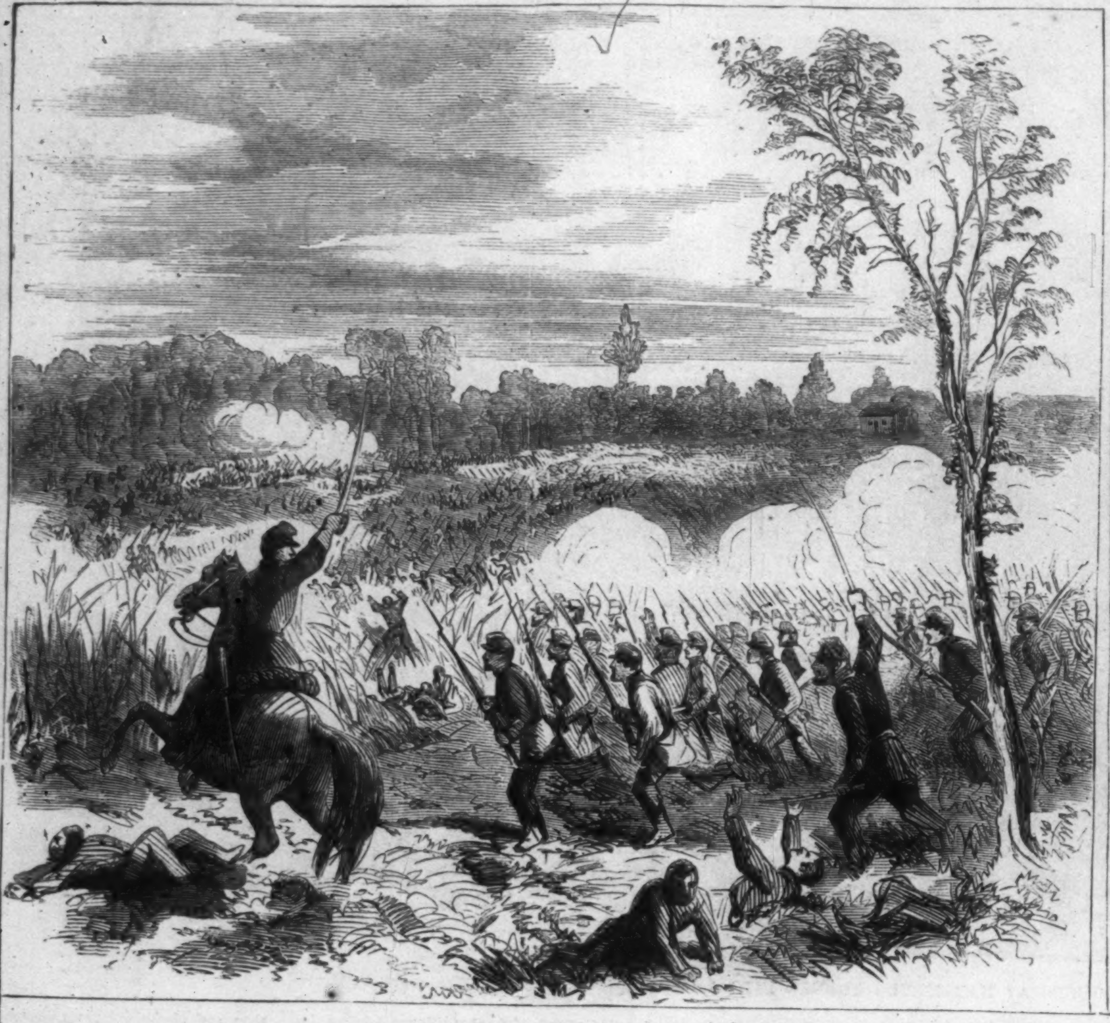
* * * * * * *

There are individual companies already here from Pittsburg and other places, each of which represents a business capital of some millions of dollars. Judges, preachers, physicians, merchants, lawyers, artists, and men of every other profession, are found side by side with the brawny and honest sons of physical labor, shouldering the musket. Here is to be seen a learned Judge in the ranks, commanded by one of his own peers—there a Preacher-Captain, instructing his flock how to do battle; and there again, some merchant or boss-mechanic, led on by one who was but yesterday their poor clerk or dependent. It is romance and poetry of the highest order, simmered down to the vulgar level of everyday life.



THE RAILWAY DEPOT AT HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THROUGH THE CORN-FIELD.



M'CLELLAN TO

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, FOUGHT SEPTEMBER 17, 62.—

O THE RESCUE.

INTO THE WOODS.

02.—BURNSIDE HOLDING THE HILL.—[See Page 634.]

THE CRIPPLE AT THE GATE.

LOOK! how the hoofs and wheels to-day
Scatter the dust on the broad highway,
Where Beauty, and Fashion, and Wealth, and Pride
On saddle and cushion serenely ride!
The very steeds have a conscious prance
Of pride in their elegant freight!
Love and laughter like jewels slip
From the sparkling eye and the merry lip:
You never would think that the Nation's life
Hung on the thread of a desperate strife,
Unless from these you should turn, by chance,
To the Cripple at the Gate.

Weary, and footsore, and ragged, and soiled,
Through the summer glare he has slowly toiled
Along the edge of the broad highway,
Since the early dawn of the westering day:
His rags are flecked with the dusty foam
That flew from the gilded bits
Of the champing steeds that passed him by;
And a haggard shadow is in his eye,
But it is not the gloom of an envious pain!
He has left a limb on the battle-plain,
And to win his way to his distant home
At my gate, a Beggar, he sits!

He tells me his tale in a simple way:
"I had nothing," he says, "except my pay,
And a wife and four little girls, and so
I sent all my money to them, you know!
When I lost my limb, Sir—but that I'm lame,
I do not complain, for, you see,
'Tis the fortune of war, and it might be worse;
And I'd lose the other to stop the curse
Of this terrible strife! But I meant to say,
When I left the hospital t'other day,
I *did* think I had a kind of a claim
To be sent to my village free.

"Don't you think it hard yourself, Sir? True,
There's a hundred dollars of bounty due
In three years, or when the war's ended; but how
Long may that be—can you tell me now?
I did not enlist for bounty, I trust—
My conscience I never have sold;
But how does it look for a soldier to 'tramp,'
Begging his way like a vagabond scamp,
From the fields where he often risked his life,
To the home where he left his babes and wife,
In a uniform made of tatters and dust
Instead of the 'blue and gold?'

"Whose fault this is, Sir, I do not know,"
Said the wayworn man as he rose to go;
"But of this, alas! I am sure—the sight
Of a soldier returning in such a plight
To the home whence, a few short months ago,
He marched in a gallant band,
With music, and banners, and shining steel
Will dull more ears to the battle-peal,
And cause more bosoms with doubt to swell,
Than the secret traitor's deadliest spell.
Don't you see yourself, Sir, it must be so?"
And he sighed as I held out my hand.

Lofty carriage and low *coupé*
Still whirl the dust on the broad highway;
Beauty, and Fashion, and Wealth, and Pride
Still through the roseate twilight ride,
With love, and laughter, and prancing steed,
As if Pleasure were all life's fate.
But I gaze no more on the joyous train,
For my eye is fixed with a steadfast strain
On the tattered soldier's halting stride,
Till his tall form sinks down the dark hill-side;
Then I cry, "Thank God! he hath *now* no need
To beg at the stranger's gate!"

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

ON pages 632 and 633 we publish illustrations of the great BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, which was fought on 17th September. We subjoin, by way of explanation to the pictures, the following extracts from the graphic letter of the *Tribune* correspondent:

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts's line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a plowed field, near the top of the slope where the corn-field began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods, which stretched forward into the broad fields like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General every where in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who, under M'Dowell, had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward! was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn-field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been, hardly a brigade where a whole division had been, victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn-field from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened, but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday, "Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front through a storm of shot and bursting shell and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the corn-field, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

General Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill, from which the corn-field begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired them at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke. There were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, and another regiment which I can not remember—old troops all of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge, unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere quailed. Their General was wounded badly early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come—they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I can not tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done, but it was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. General Hartsuff is very severely wounded, but I do not believe he counts his success too dearly purchased.

After describing the progress of the fight, the wounding of Hooker, the command devolving upon Sumner, the advance of Sedgwick, and finally the abandonment of the corn-field after a terrible struggle, he thus describes the

SUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY FRANKLIN.

At 1 o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's head-quarters were now in the narrow field where, the night before, Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost! The enemy's batteries, which, if advanced and served vigorously, might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of rebel hills, while Smith, commanding the other division, was ordered to retake the corn-fields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest went forward on the run, and, cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the corn-fields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you can not guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are every where upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you can not stay to give.

Our main picture represents

BURNSIDE HOLDING THE HILL.

This the *Tribune* correspondent thus describes:

At 4 o'clock, M'Clellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the right, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General Sumner that if Franklin went on and was repulsed his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

* * * * * * *

Burnside obeyed the order most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of M'Clellan's position, and as Franklin on the other side sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hill-top, ridge, and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequaled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all veiled, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour—could any one be insensible of its grandeur?

There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up, long dark lines, and broad dark masses, being plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hill-side.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns, on the hill above, sent an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road—high ground about them every where except in rear.

In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses.

There is a halt; the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field; the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to M'Clellan for help. M'Clellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left.

He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals: "They are the only reserves of the army; they can not be spared."

M'CLELLAN TO THE RESCUE.

M'Clellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when every thing may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is, "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I can not hold my position for half an hour." M'Clellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell General Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back, "Tell him if he *can not* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces—how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

THE LATE GENERAL RENO.

WE publish on page 629 a portrait of the late GENERAL RENO, who was killed at the Battle of South Mountain, on 14th September. The portrait is from a photograph by Brady.

Jesse L. Reno was born in Virginia, in 1825. His family removed to Pennsylvania when he was a boy, and from that State he was appointed to West Point in 1842. He graduated in 1845, ranking seventh in a class which included Stonewall Jackson and many gallant officers of the Union army, and was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance.

During the war with Mexico, 1846–'7, he commanded a howitzer battery, and for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Cerro Gordo" was brevetted First Lieutenant April 18, 1847. For bravery on the battle-field of Chapultepec, where he was wounded, he was brevetted Captain September 13, 1847. When hostilities ceased he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point for six months, and was then appointed Secretary of the Board of Artillery—a position he held about eighteen months, during which he was engaged in testing the relative merits of heavy ordnance and compiling a work on heavy artillery tactics. He was subsequently connected with the Coast Survey service, and upon withdrawing went out West with a corps of Topographical Engineers, and assisted in the construction of a military road from Big Sioux to St. Paul. He was engaged in this work some twelve months, and on the 3d of March, 1853, he was promoted to a full First Lieutenancy of Ordnance. He was next (in 1854) stationed at the Frankfort Arsenal, where he remained about three years, and then accompanied General Johnston in the expedition to Utah as ordnance officer. Returning in 1859, he was ordered to the Mount Vernon Arsenal in Alabama, and recently was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On the 1st of July, 1860, he was promoted to a Captaincy of Ordnance, having been Senior First Lieutenant of that department for some time. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers November 12, 1861, and was subsequently ordered to report to General Burnside at Annapolis, Maryland, preparatory to taking a command in the expedition to North Carolina.

He commanded the second brigade in Burnside's army, and led the attack upon Fort Barlow, on Roanoke Island. He subsequently displayed good generalship and gallantry in the fight at Newbern. In July he was ordered to Newport News to reinforce the army of the Potomac; and subsequently to Fredericksburg. He was soon attached to the army of Virginia, and took part in the series of actions which terminated at Manassas on 1st September. When General M'Dowell was granted leave of absence he was appointed to his command, with the rank of Major-General, and led his corps against the rebels in Maryland. On the 14th inst. the rebels were attacked in their position on South Mountain, and just at the close of the fight, when the victory was won, he was killed by a sharp-shooter. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes the manner of his death:

General Reno had been most active all day, fearing no danger and appearing to be every where at the same time. Safe up to seven o'clock, no one dreamed of such a disaster as was to happen. He, with his staff, was standing a little back of the wood on a field, the rebel forces being directly in front. A body of his troops were just before him, and at this point the fire of the rebels was directed. A Minié-ball struck him and went through his body. He fell, and, from the first, appeared to have a knowledge that he could not survive the wound that he had received. He was instantly carried with the greatest care to the rear, followed by a number of the officers, and attended by the division surgeon, Dr. Cutter. At the foot of the hill he was laid under a tree, and after a few moments the surgeon said he could not live, and he died without the least movement a few minutes after. Grief at any time is heart-rending; but such grief as was manifested by the staff officers and those about him it has never before been my lot to witness. The old soldier, just come from the scene of carnage with death staring him in the face on every side, here knelt and wept like a child. No eye was dry among those present, and many a silent and spoken resolution was made that moment that Reno's death should be amply avenged. Thus died one of the bravest generals that was in the service of his country; one of the bright gems in the crown of Burnside, and a man whom all respected and loved. The country can ill afford to lose at this trying hour such men as Kearney, Stevens, and Reno. The intelligence of his death was received by all with the greatest sorrow, as it was well known that but few could take his place. The command of the corps devolved upon General Cox, who, from that time, directed the movements of the army.

He was, indeed, one of the bravest of the brave, and one of the ablest of our generals.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOOKER.

WE publish on page 629, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of GENERAL HOOKER, who was wounded at the Battle of Sharpsburg on 17th.

Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in 1837, standing No. 28 in a class which included Generals Benham, Williams, Sedgwick, etc., of the Union army, and Generals Bragg, Mackall, and Early of the rebel forces. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.

When the army of the Potomac moved to the Peninsula, Hooker accompanied them in charge of a division. In the contest at Williamsburg his division bravely stood the brunt of the battle, the men of the Excelsior Brigade actually being mowed down as they stood up in line. At Fair Oaks the men again showed their valor, and the General his fighting qualities. In the various minor contests Hooker took his part and bravely went through with his share of the seven days' fights. When M'Clellan's army was placed under the command of General Pope, we find the names of "Fighting Joe Hooker" and the late General Kearney mentioned together in the thickest of the struggle; and now again at South Mountain and Sharpsburg he seems to have been second to no one. At the latter fight he was shot through the foot and obliged to leave the field; but for this accident, he thinks he would have driven the rebels into the Potomac.

KATE'S SOLDIER.

"IF I were only a man!"

Kate Barclay's eyes flashed with a splendid resolve, a fine blaze of courage.

"If you were, would you not do just the same as now—sit still and wish something else?"

"Why do you judge me so unkindly, Major Ross?"

The lips began to pout now, a little temper to blend with the courage in the fine eyes.

"Because you do not do what you can, even now. If you were not my cousin, I suppose I should not speak to you so plainly. As it is, it vexes me when I hear you wishing, morning, noon, and night, to be and do the impossible; and yet never trying to do what is ready to your hand. Do you think there is no better use for the money you are wasting so carelessly in satins and laces? How much was Madame Ferarra's bill last quarter?"

"Money won't fight, and Government pays the soldiers—better, I heard you say so yesterday, than any army is paid in Europe."

"Yet, by giving a little more than Government gives, I think you could hire some one, who would not go otherwise, to fight for you."

"A man whom a little more money would induce! A man who would go for money, and would not go without it? Why, such a cowardly soul would get drummed out of the ranks after the first battle!"

Major Ross smiled, a calm, meaning smile—such as always provoked his cousin, for it seemed to her like an assertion of superiority.

"You just look at one side of your question, Kate, and then jump at your conclusion. I know a man who told me yesterday that he would go to war if he could afford it; a man who is neither cold nor cowardly. He has a sister, a girl of fifteen. The two are orphans, and his mother's dying breath gave her to his care. They were well born, but they had fallen into poverty, and he resolved that his sister should have the education of a lady. She is at school now. If he had the means to leave her provided for he would enlist; but what if he should die, and that poor, pretty, undisciplined child should be left alone in the wide world, with no means of support, no protector, no friend? Could he answer it to his mother when he met her in the country which souls people?"

Kate had listened with breathless interest.

"Would he fight well?" she asked, musingly.

"No man better. There is not a drop of coward blood in his veins. He is the very one I would choose to stand beside me in the front of the fray."

"If he were sure his sister would be provided for in the event of his death you think he would go?"

"I know it. His whole heart is in the fight now. If he were sure that she could be secured from future privation, or friendlessness, his name would be enrolled to-morrow."

Kate's face glowed with eager resolve.

"He *shall* be sure. I can not give my life to my country. I ought not to shrink from giving every thing else. That girl is an orphan like me. She shall be my sister. I will undertake her expenses while her brother is away, and, if he dies, she shall share dollar for dollar with me all that I possess."

Major Ross looked at his young cousin almost reverently. He was just beginning to see below the happy, careless surface of her nature. But he made no comment on her resolve.

"Wait here," he said, simply, "I will bring you your soldier."

In half an hour he returned. He brought with him a man, tall, athletic, strong, with a face brave and masterful rather than handsome.

"Miss Barclay, this is Mr. Keene—Richard Keene."

So much of introduction performed, Major Ross went out and left Kate to make her bargain.

Mr. Keene was thoroughly well bred. In the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed—sorely trying they would have been to most men—he was able to steer clear of any false pride or embarrassment.

"Miss Barclay," he said, bowing, "I am told that by way of doing your part toward the war you wish to hire me as a substitute, to fight your battles for you. My terms are easily stated. All I ask is a security that my sister's education shall be carried on, as I have commenced it, until she is able to support herself by teaching."

"I am ready to provide for all her expenses, and to charge myself with the care of her future, should there be need of my protection."

"So much as that is not necessary. While I live I could not allow you to undertake all her expenses. So far as my pay as a soldier can go it must be applied to her support. For the rest, I accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. I will remember you when I fight, and, Heaven helping me, you shall not be ashamed of your substitute."

Kate's eyes grew misty. He was so calm in his resolve to dare danger and death—seemed to consider himself so little. She longed to beg him, as a sister might have done, not to be too rash—not to court unnecessary peril, but something restrained her. She only asked,

"When will you take me to see your sister? It is better I should be introduced to her by you. She will feel more that she belongs to me when you have confided her to my protection."

"You are right. I will take you now, if you please. I wish to march with the 28th to-morrow, and there is no time to lose. Poor Emily, it will be hard on her."

In five minutes more Miss Barclay was walking toward Gramercy Park with her soldier by her side. She stole a look now and then at his face. It was calm and firm—no marks there of weakness or irresolution. She began to be proud of him. Soon they sat in Miss Dupont's front parlor waiting for Emily. As she came through the door her brother met her, and drew her with him into the back-room. He had said to Miss Barclay that it was better he should speak to her first quite alone.

Waiting there, Kate heard the sound of earnest, manly talk, then a few words in a voice full of tears, then again the low, manly tones; and then, after a while, Mr. Keene led his sister in.

"Miss Barclay," he said, "here is your protégée. She quite understands your position as regards her, and I hope she will exact little, and not make you much trouble."

Kate's warm heart overflowed instantly. She put her arm round the shy, trembling girl, and drew her to her side. She whispered,

"I have no mother, dear, and no sister. I shall need you as much as you will need me. Let us love one another."

Mr. Keene did not hear the whisper, but he saw the quick blush of pleasure flush his sister's cheek, and the confiding gesture with which her hand stole into her new friend's, and he was satisfied.

"We need not detain Miss Barclay any longer," he said, gently. "I will walk home with her now. This afternoon I shall be busy, but I will come to you again this evening."

There were few words spoken during the short walk, but when they were parting on Miss Barclay's door-step she gave her hand to Richard Keene, and said, earnestly,

"Do not doubt that all I can do for your sister will be a labor of love. There has been a vacant place in my heart, a lonely longing for some one to care for, and she will fill it. If"—her eyes filled with tears—"if any thing should happen, she shall be as near to me as she would have been to you."

Richard Keene pressed the hand he held.

"I believe you," he said. "Emily is a good child. You will not find in her coldness or ingratitude."

That evening Kate Barclay sat alone, living over in thought the parting which she knew was taking place, fancying how these two, who were all the world to each other, would say good-by—a good-by which might, all too possibly, be forever. She almost repented of her own doing—not quite—for she knew her soldier's heart was in his work, and she felt that if he had been her own brother she could have sent him forth as cheerfully. She was not dealing to another such measure as she would not have borne to have dealt to herself.

It was a little past nine o'clock when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Keene. She had not expected after their bargain was made to see him again; but she was glad after all that he should have reckoned her among the number of those to whom it became him to say farewell. He came in as calm and self-possessed as ever.

"I have been bidding Emily good-by," he said, as he sat down. "I had to leave her at nine o'clock, and I thought I might venture to come to you. After all, it is by your means that I go, and that makes a sort of tie between us; a bond which it would be presumption to call friendship, and yet which will make me think of you when I am gone."

Kate had not the courage to tell him that his young sister's thoughts would scarcely follow him with a more constant interest than her own. She asked him instead how Emily had borne the parting.

"Bravely," he answered. "He knew the child's heart had been almost broken, but she had kept back any utterance of complaint or lamentation, whose memory might have unnerved him when the hour came to test his courage."

Then there was silence between them for a few moments, and he was the first to break it.

"I will tell you honestly why I came here tonight, Miss Barclay. I have been thinking how possible it was that I might never come back, and if that happened I feared you might regret that you sent me away. I wanted to guard against your vexing yourself with any such needless sorrow. It was the one longing of my heart to go, and if I could have effected it in any other way I should have done so long ago. Come what may, *I* shall never be sorry. I have but one life, and there is nothing else I would like so well to do with it as to give it to my country. I can trust Emily to you without fear, and she was all I had to keep me back. In any event, I want you should be thankful, as I shall be, that you helped me to go."

Kate's tears were choking her. How manly he was! how unselfish, trying, even in this last hour, to shield her whom he scarcely knew from a possible pang! She could not speak, but she put out her hand. He took it tenderly.

"I am going now," he said, his eyes resting on her as if he longed to soothe away her tears, as he might have done his sister's. "God keep you, Miss Barclay, and give me strength to fight valiantly in the cause for which you have sent me forth to do battle!"

Before she could speak the "God bless you!" which trembled on her lips he was gone. Would she ever see him again—her soldier?

The next Saturday the principal of the establishment at Gramercy Park was summoned to an interview with Miss Barclay. The latter lady explained briefly the relation of protectress in which she stood to Miss Emily Keene, and expressed her desire that thereafter her ward should spend all her vacations and every Sunday at her house. The poor, solitary, bereaved child was glad enough to go home with her; and that was the beginning of a true, sisterly love between those two.

As the months passed on they grew nearer and nearer to each other, until Emily could scarcely have told which was dearer, the brother far away, or the new sister she had found at home. Kate's life had been solitary hitherto, since her parents died. The young girl filled up a void in it, and made her both better and happier.

They read war news together, and traced on maps the routes of the armies. Emily herself was scarcely more excited over the news of a battle than was her friend, who followed with ceaseless anxiety and daily prayers the fate of the soldier whom she had sent into the field. For a long time he seemed to be Fortune's soldier also. He had been noticed for his valor, and promoted from the ranks; but he had passed through all perils unharmed. Often Miss Barclay recalled their first interview—saw again, as for the first time, the tall, athletic figure—the resolute, masterful face—the clear, honest eyes; perhaps she liked Emily all the better that those same honest gray eyes shone from under her thoughtful forehead.

All this time, while danger seemed not to touch Richard Keene, she had a presentiment that his hour of doom was coming. She never spoke of this to Emily, and the child, lulled to a sense of security by his past immunity from harm, was growing to think of him cheerfully. His letters came often, written in good spirits, addressed always to his sister, but never without some cordial, reverent, almost tender mention of her who sent him forth to fight the great fight in her stead. Still the subtle sense which foretells coming danger haunted Miss Barclay like a phantom. She could not lull it.

A day came at last when she opened the paper feeling what its contents were before she saw them. She read there that Richard Keene was dead. The Federals had been repulsed, leaving their dead, of whom he was one, for the enemy to bury.

She read the tidings calmly. She knew he had died as he would have wished, for she recalled his parting words. Her soldier was gone—her stake in the war. Her hope of success seemed to have died with him. She did not feel like weeping. She scarcely knew that she felt at all; only the cold, dull ache that made her clasp her hand tight to her heart reminded her. She said to herself, still calmly,

"I must go to Emily and tell her that I sent her brother to his death."

She put on her things, and wondered vaguely that she did not weep as she saw her own still, composed face in the glass.

Emily came to her, in the same room, the front parlor at school, where they had met first—came in joyful with welcome, but started back appalled by the white, still face she met. Miss Barclay went up to her and said, drearily,

"Emily, I am all you have now. He is gone!"

The girl to whom the ill news came with such fell suddenness burst into a passion of grief; and then, trying to comfort her, her friend wept also, and the tears were a strange solace. She took Emily home with her—her sister from henceforth. She might go back to school another year, perhaps—at present they had need of each other.

How dreary the months were which followed! Emily was the first to learn resignation for the loss of her dead, who died so gloriously. Kate was haunted forever, as he had feared she would be, by the idea that she had sent him to his death; and not even the memory of his own assurances, those generous last words of his, could give her comfort.

The summer came—the summer of '62—bringing bird-song and blossom. The lonely salt-scented sea-breeze rippled the waves, and shook the pine-trees into melody. From afar Miss Barclay seemed to catch scent and sound. It roused her to wish to tread the sea-side rocks, and press her careless footsteps in the white sands of the beach. They went to a pleasant, quiet nook, which, as yet, not enough people had found to spoil. And there the roses began to come slowly back to Miss Barclay's cheek, and the light to her eyes. She might grow cheerful again in time, she thought, if only her fancy would cease to picture one awful scene—a battle-field, where the setting sun searched with red beams for the slain, and found one face, a face she knew, with clear honest eyes, and mouth that would never smile more. Did they wound him—mutilate him after he was dead? She had heard such things—she wished she could forget them.

Walking alone one day, she heard on the path behind her voices—Emily's and another. She turned suddenly. Were her senses dazed? Did she dream? Do the dead walk? She saw a face over which Southern turf must have grown long ago, unless it bleached white, unburied, on the ghastly battle-field. Sight and sense failed her. For the first time in her life she fainted. When she recovered she saw only Emily. The child spoke eagerly:

"It was my brother, alive, himself. He was wounded, not dead. They took him prisoner, and last week he was exchanged. When he came to New York he found we were here, and followed us."

She had poured the words into Kate's ear with might and main, bent on making her understand the truth lest she might faint again. But such swoons do not happen twice in one day. Miss Barclay comprehended all now, and was herself again; ready, with courteous greeting, for him who came down the path—the returned warrior, with the scar seaming his broad brow, and showing how near he had come to the fate she had feared.

He had a furlough to get well in, he said, and then he was going back.

Of course he staid with them there at Sea View for a while, and of course they nursed and petted him as women always do their returned braves. It was strange how soon all the sadness went out of Kate's heart, the melancholy out of her manner. One day he said to her:

"You are too kind to me."

"I do not feel as if I could be," she answered, "when I remember what you have suffered and who sent you forth to the fight."

He did not speak again for a moment, and then he asked a strange question:

"Miss Barclay, what should you think of a man, an honest man, who loved a woman dearly, and felt in his very soul that he was her peer, but did not ask her to marry him because she was rich and he was poor, and he knew the world would brand him a fortune-hunter?"

Miss Barclay blushed, but she answered bravely:

"I should think poorly of a man's courage whom the world's opinion could sway in the most sacred matters of his heart and his life; and if he believed the lady would ever remember on which side the fortune was, I should wonder at him for thinking her worthy of his love."

His eyes—those honest, earnest eyes—looked at her with something in their glance which thrilled her heart with a strange, new, timid joy. He only said:

"Kate, you know I love you. When I fight again who will pray for me at home? whose soldier shall I be?"

I think her look told him before her words did, but he bent tenderly to hear the answer:

"Mine!"

TWO REGICIDES.

SOME months ago an aspirant to martyrdom "*pro aris et focis*" was extinguished by a Prussian tribunal in a simple but most effectual manner. An ignominious sentence divested his antecedents of every spark of romance, blighted his hopes of immortality, stripped him of all claim to sympathy, and degraded him to the status of a common malefactor.

A century has elapsed since Damiens sought a niche in the Temple of Fame by similar means. It is curious to note the different treatment of the two criminals, and the different sentiments their memory consequently evokes. They were both guilty of the same crime—both had raised a sacrilegious hand against one of those who, "by the grace of God," rule over this earth; but the historian will contemptuously record the name of Oscar Becker as that of a cowardly assassin, while he will overlook the heinous nature of Damiens' offense in detestation of his cruel judges.

"Whenever," says an eminent historian, "the offense inspires less horror than the punishment the rigor of penal law should give way to the common feelings of mankind." The Supreme Court of Berlin has practically acknowledged the truth of this aphorism; but it would seem that the French legal luminaries of the eighteenth century held a different opinion. The sentence they passed upon Damiens, for conspiring to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth, was death by torture.

In order to carry it out the more effectually, learned physicians held long and frequent consultations as to the amount of agony, and the kind of agony the human frame could longest support before death released it from suffering. Grave dissertations were published on the subject. Public executioners compared notes with the learned, the former contributing their experience—the latter, scientific theories. It was at length determined to begin with the torture of the boot.

The decision of this sanguinary Areopagus was promptly acted upon. At twelve o'clock on the ensuing night the criminal was conducted to the torture-chamber of the Bastile, and the first act of the bloody drama began. Those gloomy walls that had looked down upon so many dark deeds never witnessed a sadder scene of human suffering. The dim light of an iron lamp, suspended from the vaulted roof, fell upon the stalwart forms of the executioners, and a dark group of bronze-visaged men who silently watched their proceedings. Wedge after wedge was driven in with a sickening crash of human flesh and bone. The perspiration poured from the brows of the executioners as the dull blow of their sledge-hammers echoed through the dungeon, but not a sigh escaped the lips of the tortured wretch. At length the physician, who stood by with a hand on his fainting pulse, signed to them to pause. Nature could bear no more. The pale morning light, struggling through the grated windows, fell on a mangled but still breathing mass of humanity.

Weeks rolled on, and under the sedulous care of physicians and nurses Damiens gradually regained his strength. The time approached for the completion of the sentence.

It was a cold, bleak morning in February. Snow had fallen during the night and still covered the Place de Grève; but, nevertheless, every available spot was occupied. The Faubourg St. Antoine had disgorged its sans-culottic population. A sea of human heads surged to and fro in unwieldy mass, clinging to chimneys, clustered on the trees, hanging on the roofs, they formed a brutal assemblage—fit spectators of a brutal drama. But in the balconies and windows overlooking the "Place" were hundreds of high-born ladies, many of them youthful and beautiful. They smiled and coquetted with their cavaliers, diamonds sparkled, and plumes waved in the winter wind. They were come to enjoy a new sensation, and to evince their loyal devotion to an outraged king. Some of the prices paid for places were fabulous. For days previous to the execution nothing else was talked of in the good city of Paris.

A scaffold, erected at the northeastern extremity of the "Place," rose in stern black lines above the shifty multitude. In the centre was a chair firmly fixed to the boards, and at one end a large stove. Iron vessels containing resin, pitch, oil, wax, sulphur, and lead bubbled and boiled on the furnace, while the flames cast a lurid glow on the cruel, swarthy countenances of the executioners as they completed the preparations, or watched over the seething caldrons.

The hoarse murmur of the crowd was now suddenly hushed. A general movement and flutter pervaded the fair occupants of the windows and balconies. Damiens appeared, slowly mounting the steps of the scaffold.

The executioners spent some minutes in firmly binding him to the chair, from the back of which extended a horizontal piece of wood about two feet in length. To this his right arm was securely strapped, his hand protruding just beyond it. Executioner No. 1 now advanced and held under it a brazier filled with sulphur. A horrible cry burst from the wretched man, a cry that seemed to issue from his very vitals, and that for months afterward rang in the ears of the spectators. The ladies shuddered: some nearly fainted, and retired a little way from the windows. Soon they returned, refreshing themselves with their smelling-bottles, and leveled their glasses once more at the scaffold. There was no fire visible. The sun had just burst through the clouds, and effaced the pale flame, in which his hand was slowly and invisibly burning. But a nameless stench filled the air, and a thick fetid smoke rose over the scaffold, gradually spreading itself out, and hanging like a pall over criminal and spectators, as if it would shut out the pitying heavens from this scene of cruelty.

Damiens cried out no more. He sat quietly looking at the blackened bones fast withering in the flame.

Meanwhile the horrible caldrons were bubbling and hissing, and the pincers of the Provost's Court of Paris were heating in the furnace. The worst was yet to come. A gigantic executioner now advanced and tore the criminal's flesh with the red-hot irons in six different places. His assistants followed carrying spoonfuls of resin, oil, lead, pitch, sulphur, and wax, which they poured into the gaping incisions. Soon the breast, the arms, the thighs were one awful wound. All this time Faubourg St. Antoine and Faubourg St. Germain looked on alike unsated; and the high-born dames of Louis the Fifteenth's court smiled and chatted with their cavaliers, and looked and shrank back, and looked again.

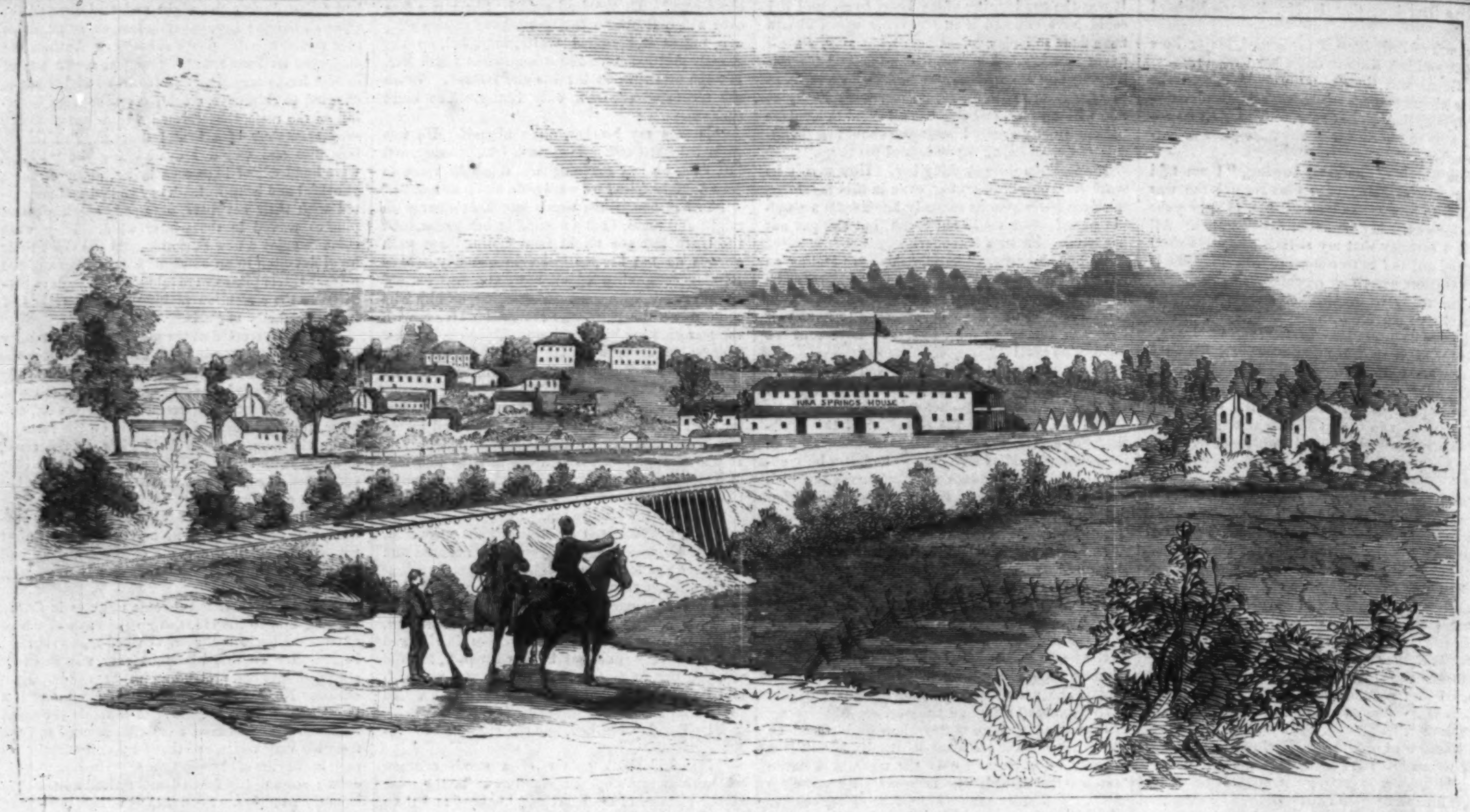
All was not yet over. Damiens still breathed, still suffered, and occasionally cried out. Four horses were now led forward. The noble animals were almost ungovernable. All the morning they had struggled to escape from this dreadful spot; from the cries and groans, the thick smoke and sickening smell that filled the air. It was their turn now to take the place of the executioner, who could not find a fresh spot on the victim's body to torment.

Damiens was carried down the steps of the scaffold; the horses were backed toward him as he lay on the ground, and the nimble executioners made fast the traces. The grooms loosed their heads, and with a terrified snort they sprang forward. But human thews and sinews were too strong for them. They were thrown on their haunches, and with a dull, heavy thud the body struck the ground. Again and again they started. Urged on by blows and shouts they pulled, and pulled in vain. A quarter of an hour passed away. Damiens still lived—still breathed. At intervals he even raised his head and looked at the animals.

"Oh! those poor horses!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Priandeau, the young and beautiful niece of the Financier Bouret.

Evening was approaching. The commissioners appointed to preside over the execution were embarrassed. It was necessary to carry it out according to the strict letter of the sentence, which directed the criminal to be quartered. The crowd, too, was waxing indignant, and clamorously demanded the *coup-de-grace*. They consulted together, and at length ordered the muscles and tendons of the legs and arms to be severed. Once more the horses plunged wildly forward—and this time all was over.

One of Bentham's discoveries in morals was that the pleasures of malignity were only to be branded as evil because they were *less* than the pain given in indulging them. In like manner *all infliction of punishment which gave more pain than it prevented from being given*, was, in Benthamite philosophy, to be regarded as leaving a balance of evil. Without going so far as this, it is still indisputable that the great end of all punishment, viz. *prevention*, is never attained by excessive severity. On the contrary, the very notoriety which such punishment obtains, exercises an extraordinary morbid influence over some minds, and actually incites them to incur the same penalty. The excesses of the French Revolution were the result of such scenes as those here described. The thirst for blood that courtly lords and ladies nurtured in the populace required ere long to be slaked with theirs, and exacted a terrible retribution.



IUKA, MISSISSIPPI, SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 19TH AND 20TH.—[From a Sketch by an Officer of General Buell's Army.]

THE BATTLE AT IUKA.

We publish above a view of the town of Iuka, where General Rosecrans defeated the rebels on 19th and 20th. The town itself is thus described:

This town perpetuates the name of a distinguished son of the forest, who formerly dwelt on the premises. Weary and worn by his day's journey, the prisoner was wont to rest with safety beneath I-u-k-a's roof; and the venerable chief was equally beloved and honored by whites and Indians. Like the Immortal Logan, his name is classed with the brave and generous of his race. He died on the spot about the year 1835-6.

Iuka was laid out as a town plot in April, 1857, and numbers three hundred population.

The following is General Grant's official account of the battle:

Iuka, Mississippi, *Sept.* 20, 1862

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

General Rosecrans, with Stanley's and Hamilton's divisions and Misener's cavalry, attacked Price south of this village about two hours before dark yesterday, and had a sharp fight until night closed in. General Ord was to the north with an armed force of about 5000 men, and had some skirmishing with the rebel pickets. This morning the fight was renewed by General Rosecrans, who was nearest to the town; but it was found that the enemy had been evacuating during the night, going south. Generals Hamilton and Stanley, with cavalry, are in full pursuit.

This will no doubt break up the enemy, and possibly force them to abandon much of their artillery. The loss on either side, in killed and wounded, is from 400 to 500. The enemy's loss in arms, tents, etc., will be large. We have about 250 prisoners.

I have reliable intelligence that it was Price's intention to move over east of the Tennessee. In this he has been thwarted. Among the enemy's loss are General Little killed, and General Whitefield wounded.

I can not speak too highly of the energy and skill displayed by General Rosecrans in the attack, and of the endurance of the troops. General Ord's command showed untiring zeal; but the direction taken by the enemy prevented them from taking the active part they desired. Price's forces was about 18,000.

U. S. Grant, Major-General.

AT CINCINNATI.

We publish on page 637 two illustrations from Cincinnati, from sketches by Mr. A. Mosler. One of them represents a Regiment of Volunteers entering the Fifth Street Market-House for dinner. Thousands and thousands of soldiers have been fed in this building daily since the rebels first menaced Cincinnati. The other sketch represents the Return of the Cincinnati Militia after the retreat of the rebels. A Cincinnati paper says:

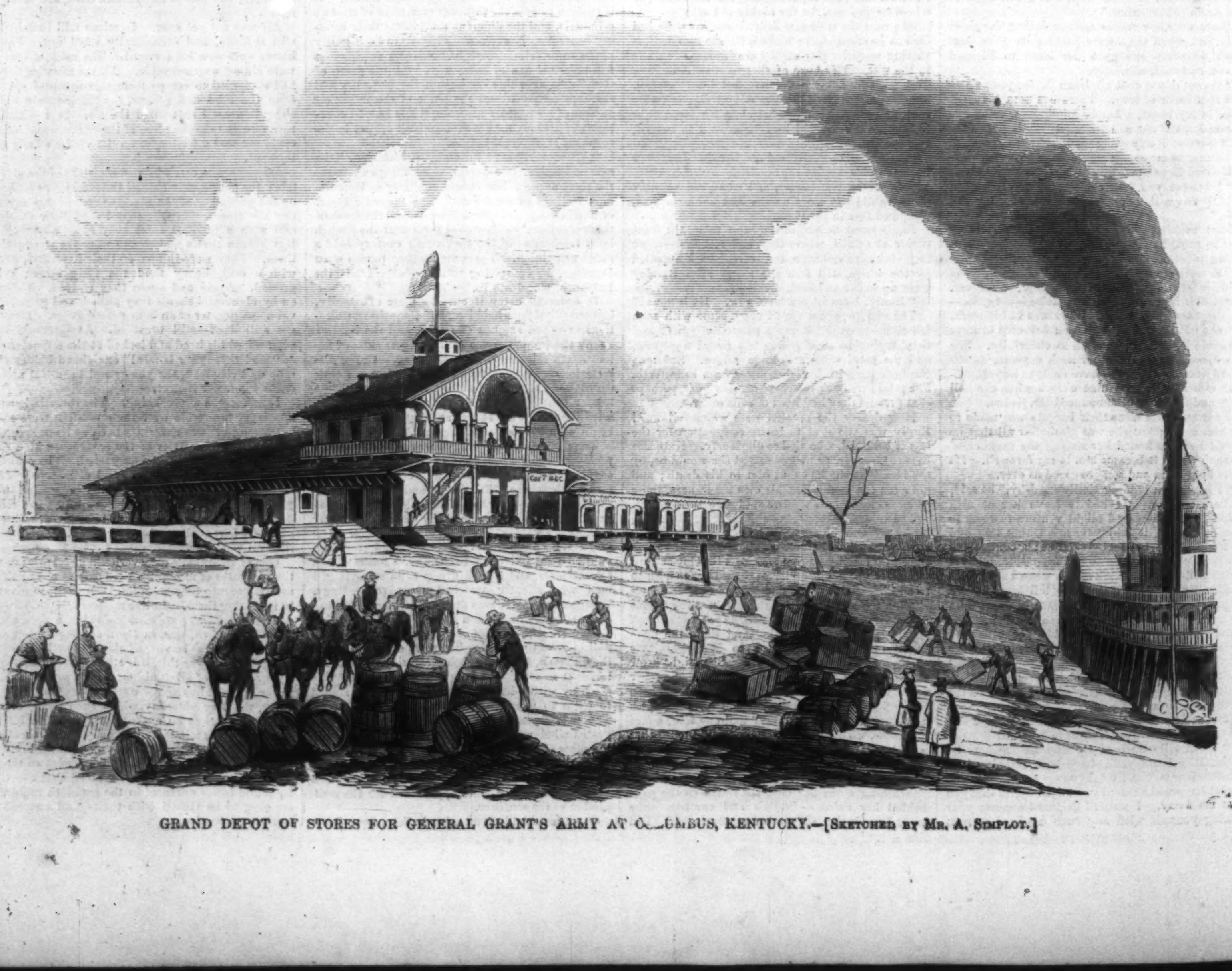
Yesterday was a gala day for the thousands of true and patriotic Cincinnatians who promptly responded to the call for volunteers to defend the city from an attack by the approaching enemy. They went to the field manfully, and with hearts and souls burning with the patriotism of their sires of '76. While in the field they endured, without a murmur, the hardships and privations of the soldier's life, through sunshine and rain, attending to drills and all the minutiæ of military tactics, so that in the brief period of one week they were almost equal to volunteers in the service. They were men of all classes of society, rich and poor, high and low, and on one common level, and under one flag, rallied together as a family of brothers, to resist the encroachments of an army seeking the destruction of their homes and firesides. They did their duty well, and were yesterday, much against their wishes, relieved from further service at present. They were in the morning notified by Major-General Wallace, to whose call they so generously responded, that at 12 o'clock each regiment, six in number, should break up camp and return to Cincinnati.

At three o'clock three of the regiments marched to the head-quarters of General Wallace, in Covington, preceded by the United States Barracks Band. The remaining regiments not coming up by some misunderstanding, the three first, headed by General Wallace and staff, took up the line of march, moving to the river, and thence across the pontoon bridge to this city. The levee was densely crowded with citizens. As the military pageant was crossing the bridge a 12-pounder cannon, on board the steamer *Emma Duncan*, belched forth a welcoming salute. The procession moved up Walnut to Front, east to Broadway, north to Fourth, west to Vine, north to Seventh, west to Mound, north to Ninth, east to Elm, north to Twelfth, where the General and staff halted, and the entire column passed in review. The streets along the entire line of march were crowded with citizens, and national emblems and the "flag of the free" waved from every housetop and window. Such an ovation was never before witnessed in this city, and as an impromptu proceeding was creditable to the Queen City and a fitting compliment to her noble sons. While the troops passed the Major-General, at the intersection of Twelfth and Elm streets, they greeted him with deafening applause—a just acknowledgment of their esteem for one of the live Generals of the day.

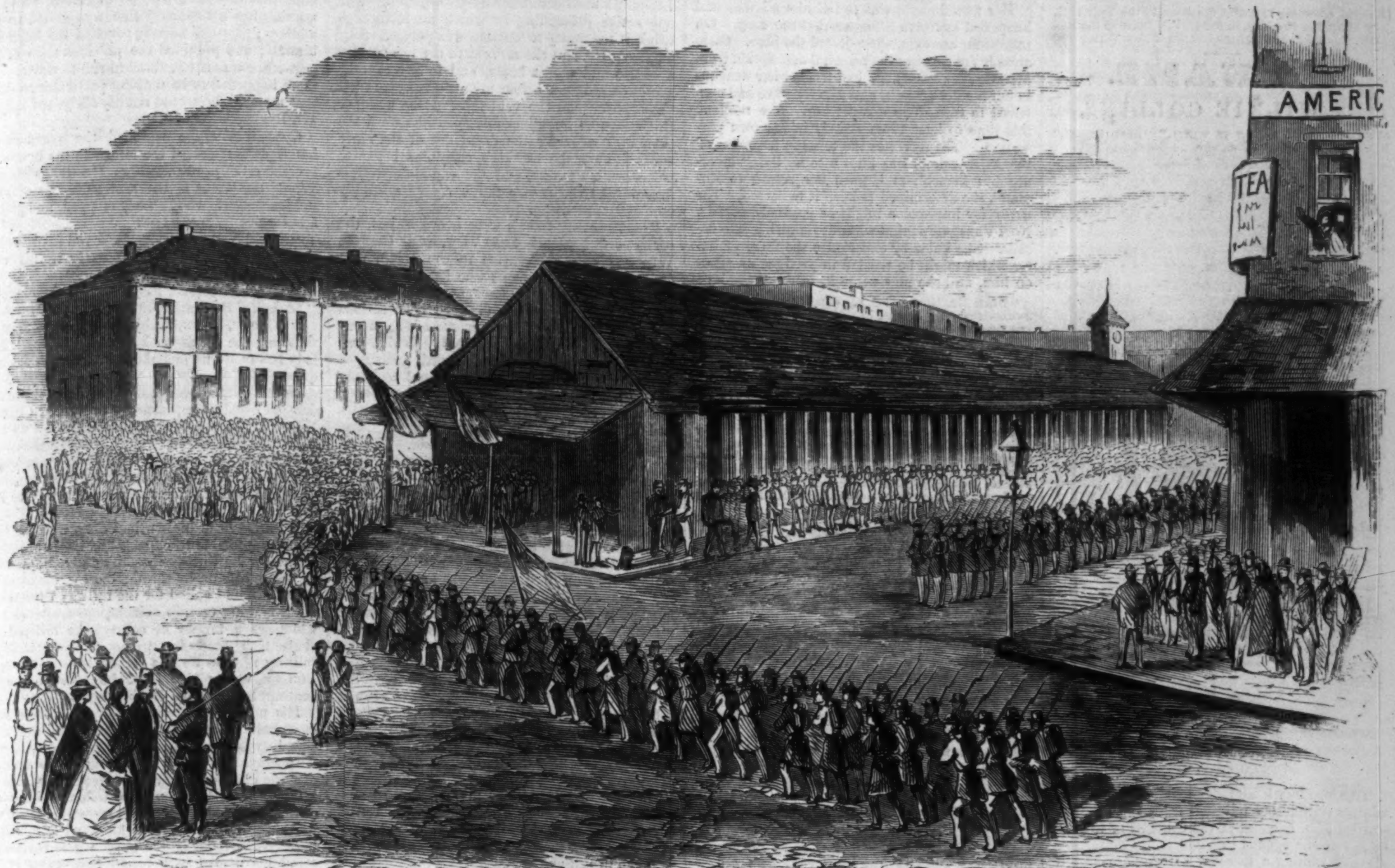
THE LATE GEN. MANSFIELD.

On page 629 we publish, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the late General Mansfield, who was killed at the Battle of Sharpsburg on 17th September.

Joseph K. Fenno Mansfield was born in Con-



GRAND DEPOT OF STORES FOR GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY AT COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY.—[Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.]

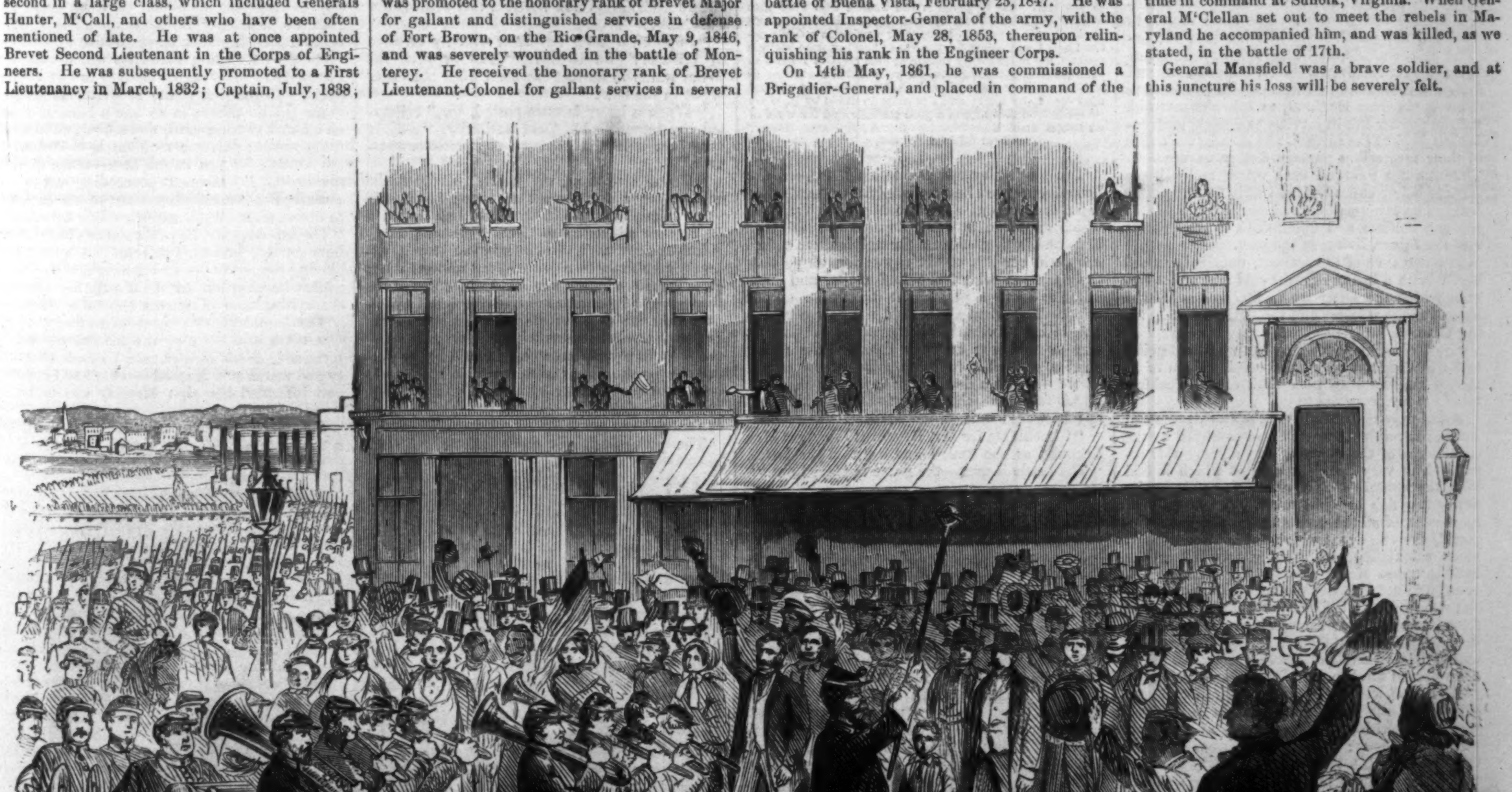


FEEDING TROOPS AT THE FIFTH STREET MARKET-HOUSE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

necticut about the year 1802, and entered West Point in 1817. He graduated in 1822, standing second in a large class, which included Generals Hunter, M'Call, and others who have been often mentioned of late. He was at once appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846-'47. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet Major for gallant and distinguished services in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps.

On 14th May, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the position at Newport News. After the capture of Norfolk he crossed the James, and was for some time in command at Suffolk, Virginia. When General M'Clellan set out to meet the rebels in Maryland he accompanied him, and was killed, as we stated, in the battle of 17th.

General Mansfield was a brave soldier, and at this juncture his loss will be severely felt.



RETURN OF THE CINCINNATI MILITIA AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE REBELS.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE post-mark and the handwriting on the address (admirably imitated from the original) warned Mrs. Lecount of the contents of the letter before she opened it.

After waiting a moment to compose herself she read the announcement of her brother's relapse.

There was nothing in the handwriting, there was no expression in any part of the letter, which could suggest to her mind the faintest suspicion of foul play. Not the shadow of a doubt occurred to her that the summons to her brother's bedside was genuine. The hand that held the letter dropped heavily into her lap; she became pale, and old, and haggard, in a moment. Thoughts far removed from her present aims and interests, remembrances that carried her back to other lands than England, to other times than the time of her life in service, prolonged their inner shadows to the surface, and showed the traces of their mysterious passage darkly on her face. The minutes followed each other, and still the servant below stairs waited vainly for the parlor bell. The minutes followed each other, and still she sat, tearless and quiet, dead to the present and the future, living in the past.

The entrance of the servant, uncalled, roused her. With a heavy sigh the cold and secret woman folded the letter up again, and addressed herself to the interest and the duties of the passing time.

She decided the question of going or not going to Zurich after a very brief consideration of it. Before she had drawn her chair to the breakfast table she had resolved to go.

Admirably as Captain Wragge's stratagem had worked it might have failed—unassisted by the occurrence of the morning—to achieve this result. The very accident against which it had been the captain's chief anxiety to guard—the accident which had just taken place in spite of him—was, of all the events that could have happened, the one event which falsified every previous calculation, by directly forwarding the main purpose of the conspiracy! If Mrs. Lecount had not obtained the information of which she was in search before the receipt of the letter from Zurich the letter might have addressed her in vain. She would have hesitated before deciding to leave England, and that hesitation might have proved fatal to the captain's scheme.

As it was, with the plain proofs in Magdalen's possession—with the gown discovered in Magdalen's wardrobe; with the piece cut out of it in her own pocket-book; and with the knowledge, obtained from Mrs. Wragge, of the very house in which the disguise had been put on—Mrs. Lecount had now at her command the means of warning Mr. Noel Vanstone as she had never been able to warn him yet; or, in other words, the means of guarding against any dangerous tendencies toward reconciliation with the Bygraves, which might otherwise have entered his mind during her absence at Zurich. The only difficulty which now perplexed her was the difficulty of deciding whether she should communicate with her master personally or by writing before her departure from England.

She looked again at the doctor's letter. The word "instantly" in the sentence which summoned her to her dying brother was twice underlined. Admiral Bartram's house was at some distance from the railway; the time consumed in driving to St. Crux, and driving back again, might be time fatally lost on the journey to Zurich. Although she would infinitely have preferred a personal interview with Mr. Noel Vanstone, there was no choice, on a matter of life and death, but to save the precious hours by writing to him.

After sending to secure a place at once in the early coach she sat down to write to her master.

Her first thought was to tell him all that had happened at North Shingles that morning. On reflection, however, she rejected the idea. Once already (in copying the personal description from Miss Garth's letter) she had trusted her weapons in her master's hands, and Mr. Bygrave had contrived to turn them against her. She resolved this time to keep them strictly in her own possession. The secret of the missing fragment of the Alpaca dress was known to no living creature but herself; and, until her return to England, she determined to keep it to herself. The necessary impression might be produced on Mr. Noel Vanstone's mind without venturing into details. She knew by experience the form of letter which might be trusted to produce an effect on him, and she now wrote it, in these words:

"DEAR MR. NOEL,—Sad news has reached me from Switzerland. My beloved brother is dying, and his medical attendant summons me instantly to Zurich. The serious necessity of availing myself of the earliest means of conveyance to the Continent leaves me but one alternative. I must profit by the permission to leave England, if necessary, which you kindly granted to me at the beginning of my brother's illness; and I must avoid all delay by going straight to London, instead of turning aside, as I should have liked, to see you first at St. Crux.

"Painfully as I am affected by the family calamity which has fallen on me, I can not let this opportunity pass without adverting to another subject, which seriously concerns your welfare, and in which (on that account) your old housekeeper feels the deepest interest.

"I am going to surprise and shock you, Mr. Noel. Pray don't be agitated! pray compose yourself!

"The impudent attempt to cheat you, which has happily opened your eyes to the true character of our neighbors at North Shingles, was not the only object which Mr. Bygrave had in forcing himself on your acquaintance. The infamous conspiracy with which you were threatened in London has been in full progress against you, under Mr. Bygrave's direction, at Aldborough. Accident—I will tell you what accident when we meet—has put me in possession of information precious to your future security. I have discovered, to an absolute certainty, that the person calling herself Miss Bygrave is no other than the woman who visited us in disguise at Vauxhall Walk.

"I suspected this from the first; but I had no evidence to support my suspicions: I had no means of combating the false impression produced on you. My hands, I thank Heaven, are tied no longer. I possess absolute proof of the assertion that I have just made—proof that your own eyes can see—proof that would satisfy you if you were judge in a Court of Justice.

"Perhaps even yet, Mr. Noel, you will refuse to believe me? Be it so. Believe me or not, I have one last favor to ask which your English sense of fair play will not deny me.

"This melancholy journey of mine will keep me away from England for a fortnight, or at most for three weeks. You will oblige me—and you will certainly not sacrifice your own convenience and pleasure—by staying through that interval with your friends at St. Crux. If before my return some unexpected circumstance throws you once more into the company of the Bygraves; and if your natural kindness of heart inclines you to receive the excuses which they will in that case certainly address to you, place one trifling restraint on yourself, for your own sake, if not for mine. Suspend your flirtation with the young lady (I beg pardon of all other young ladies for calling her so!) until my return. If, when I come back, I fail to prove to you that Miss Bygrave is the woman who wore that disguise, and used those threatening words in Vauxhall Walk, I will engage to leave your service at a day's notice; and I will atone for the sin of bearing false witness against my neighbor by resigning every claim I have to your grateful remembrance, on your father's account as well as on your own. I make this engagement without reserves of any kind; and I promise to abide by it, if my proofs fail, on the faith of a good Catholic and the word of an honest woman.

"Your faithful servant,

"VIRGINIE LECOUNT."

The closing sentences of this letter—as the housekeeper well knew when she wrote them—embodied the one appeal to Mr. Noel Vanstone which could be certainly trusted to produce a deep and lasting effect. She might have staked her oath, her life, or her reputation on proving the assertion which she had made, and have failed to leave a permanent impression on his mind. But when she staked not only her position in his service, but her pecuniary claims on him as well, she at once absorbed the ruling passion of his life in expectation of the result. There was not a doubt of it in the strongest of all his interests—the interest of saving his money; he would wait.

"Checkmate for Mr. Bygrave!" thought Mrs. Lecount, as she sealed and directed the letter. "The battle is over—the game is played out."

While Mrs. Lecount was providing for her master's future security at Sea View events were in full progress at North Shingles.

As soon as Captain Wragge recovered his astonishment at the housekeeper's appearance on his own premises he hurried into the house, and, guided by his own forebodings of the disaster that had happened, made straight for his wife's room.

Never, in all her former experience, had poor Mrs. Wragge felt the full weight of the captain's indignation as she felt it now. All the little intelligence she naturally possessed vanished at once in the whirlwind of her husband's rage. The only plain facts which he could extract from her were two in number. In the first place, Magdalen's rash desertion of her post proved to have no better reason to excuse it than Magdalen's incorrigible impatience: she had passed a sleepless night; she had risen feverish and wretched; and she had gone out, reckless of all consequences, to cool her burning head in the fresh air. In the second place, Mrs. Wragge had, on her own confession, seen Mrs. Lecount, had talked with Mrs. Lecount, and had ended by telling Mrs. Lecount the story of the ghost. Having made these discoveries, Captain Wragge wasted no more time in contending with his wife's terror and confusion. He withdrew at once to a window which commanded an uninterrupted prospect of Mr. Noel Vanstone's house, and there established himself on the watch for events at Sea View, precisely as Mrs. Lecount had established herself on the watch for events at North Shingles.

Not a word of comment on the disaster of the morning escaped him when Magdalen returned and found him at his post. His flow of language seemed at last to have run dry. "I told you what Mrs. Wragge would do," he said; "and Mrs. Wragge has done it." He sat unflinchingly at the window, with a patience which Mrs. Lecount herself could not have surpassed. The one active proceeding in which he seemed to think it necessary to engage was performed by deputy. He sent the servant to the inn to hire a chaise and a fast horse, and to say that he would call himself before noon that day and tell the hostler when the vehicle would be wanted. Not a sign of impatience escaped him until the time drew near for the departure of the early coach. Then the captain's curly lips began to twitch with anxiety, and the captain's restless fingers beat the devil's tattoo unintermittingly on the window-pane.

The rumbling wheels were heard at last, the coach drew up at Sea View, and Captain Wragge's own observation informed him that one among the passengers who left Aldborough that morning was Mrs. Lecount.

The main uncertainty disposed of, a serious question—suggested by the events of the morning—still remained to be solved. Which was the destined end of Mrs. Lecount's journey—Zurich or St. Crux? That she would certainly inform her master of Mrs. Wragge's ghost story, and of every other disclosure in relation to names and places which might have escaped Mrs. Wragge's lips, was beyond all doubt. But of the two ways at her disposal of doing the mischief—either personally or by letter—it was vitally important to the captain to know which she had chosen. If she had gone to the admiral's, no choice would be left him but to follow the coach, to catch the train by which she traveled, and outstrip her afterward on the drive from the station in Essex to St. Crux. If, on the contrary, she had been contented with writing to her master, it would only be necessary to devise measures for intercepting the letter. The captain decided on going to the post-office in the first place. Assuming that the housekeeper had written, she would not have left the letter at the mercy of the servant—she would have seen it safely in the letter-box before leaving Aldborough.

"Good-morning," said the captain, cheerfully addressing the postmaster. "I am Mr. Bygrave, of North Shingles. I think you have a letter in the box addressed to Mr. ——?"

The postmaster was a short man, and consequently a man with a proper idea of his own importance. He solemnly checked Captain Wragge in full career.

"When a letter is once posted, Sir," he said, "nobody out of the office has any business with it until it reaches its address."

The captain was not a man to be daunted, even by a postmaster. A bright idea struck him. He took out his pocket-book, in which Admiral Bartram's address was written, and returned to the charge.

"Suppose a letter has been wrongly directed by mistake?" he began. "And suppose the writer wants to correct the error after the letter is put in the box?"

"When a letter is once posted, Sir," reiterated the impenetrable local authority, "nobody out of the office touches it on any pretense whatever."

"Granted with all my heart," persisted the captain. "I don't want to touch it—I only want to explain myself. A lady has posted a letter here addressed to 'Noel Vanstone, Esq., Admiral Bartram's, St. Crux in the Marsh, Essex.' She wrote in a great hurry, and she is not quite certain whether she added the name of the post-town, 'Ossory.' It is of the last importance that the delivery of the letter should not be delayed. What is to hinder your facilitating the post-office work, and obliging a lady, by adding the name of the post-town (if it happens to be left out) with your own hand? I put it to you as a zealous officer—what possible objection can there be to granting my request?"

The postmaster was compelled to acknowledge that there could be no objection, provided nothing but a necessary line was added to the address; provided nobody touched the letter but himself; and provided the precious time of the post-office was not suffered to run to waste. As there happened to be nothing particular to do at that moment, he would readily oblige the lady at Mr. Bygrave's request.

Captain Wragge watched the postmaster's hands, as they sorted the letters in the box, with breathless eagerness. Was the letter there? Would the hands of the zealous public servant suddenly stop? Yes! They stopped, and picked a letter out from the rest.

"'Noel Vanstone, Esq.,' did you say?" asked the postmaster, keeping the letter in his own hand.

"'Noel Vanstone, Esq.,' replied the captain, "'Admiral Bartram's, St. Crux in the Marsh.'"

"'Ossory, Essex,'" chimed in the postmaster, throwing the letter back into the box. "The lady has made no mistake, Sir. The address is quite right."

Nothing but a timely consideration of the heavy debt he owed to appearances prevented Captain Wragge from throwing his tall white hat up into the air as soon as he found himself in the street once more. All further doubt was now at an end. Mrs. Lecount had written to her master, therefore Mrs. Lecount was on her way to Zurich!

With his head higher than ever, with the tails of his respectable frock-coat floating behind him in the breeze, with his bosom's native impudence sitting lightly on its throne, the captain strutted to the inn and called for the railway time-table. After making certain calculations (in black and white, as a matter of course), he ordered his chaise to be ready in an hour, so as to reach the railway in time for the second train running to London, with which there happened to be no communication from Aldborough by coach.

His next proceeding was of a far more serious kind; his next proceeding implied a terrible certainty of success. The day of the week was Thursday. From the inn he went to the church, saw the clerk, and gave the necessary notice for a marriage by license on the following Monday.

Bold as he was, his nerves were a little shaken by this last achievement; his hand trembled as it lifted the latch of the garden gate. He doctored his nerves with brandy-and-water before he sent for Magdalen to inform her of the proceedings of the morning. Another outbreak might reasonably be expected when she heard that the last irrevocable step had been taken, and that notice had been given of the wedding-day.

The captain's watch warned him to lose no time in emptying his glass. In a few minutes he sent the necessary message up stairs. While waiting for Magdalen's appearance he provided himself with certain materials which were now necessary to carry the conspiracy to its crowning point. In the first place, he wrote his assumed name (by no means in so fine a hand as usual) on a blank visiting-card, and added, underneath, these words: "Not a moment is to be lost. I am waiting for you at the door—come down to me directly." His next proceeding was to take some half dozen envelopes out of the case, and to direct them all alike to the following address: "Thomas Bygrave, Esq., Mussared's Hotel, Salisbury Street, Strand, London." After carefully placing the envelopes and the card in his breast-pocket he shut up the desk. As he rose from the writing-table Magdalen came into the room.

The captain took a moment to decide on the best method of opening the interview; and determined, in his own phrase, to dash at it. In two words he told Magdalen what had happened, and informed her that Monday was to be her wedding-day.

He was prepared to quiet her if she burst into a frenzy of passion; to reason with her if she

"'NOEL VANSTONE, ESQ.,' DID YOU SAY?" ASKED THE POSTMASTER.

begged for time; to sympathize with her if she melted into tears. To his inexpressible surprise results falsified all his calculations. She heard him without uttering a word, without shedding a tear. When he had done she dropped into a chair. Her large gray eyes stared at him vacantly. In one mysterious instant all her beauty left her; her face stiffened awfully, like the face of a corpse. For the first time in the captain's experience of her, fear—all-mastering fear—had taken possession of her, body and soul.

"You are not flinching?" he said, trying to rouse her. "Surely you are not flinching at the last moment."

No light of intelligence came into her eyes; no change passed over her face. But she heard him—for she moved a little in the chair and slowly shook her head.

"You planned this marriage of your own free-will," pursued the captain, with the furtive look and the faltering voice of a man ill at ease. "It was your own idea, not mine. I won't have the responsibility laid on my shoulders—no! not for twice two hundred pounds. If your resolution fails you, if you think better of it—?"

He stopped. Her face was changing; her lips were moving at last. She slowly raised her left hand, with the fingers outspread—she looked at it as if it was a hand that was strange to her—she counted the days on it—the days before the marriage.

"Friday, one," she whispered to herself; "Saturday, two; Sunday, three; Monday—" Her hands dropped into her lap; her face stiffened again. The deadly fear fastened its paralyzing hold on her once more, and the next words died away on her lips.

Captain Wragge took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Damn the two hundred pounds!" he said. "Two thousand wouldn't pay me for this!"

He went back to the writing-table, took the envelopes which he had addressed to himself out of his pocket, and returned to the chair in which she was sitting, with the envelopes in his hand.

"Rouse yourself," he said; "I have a last word to say to you. Can you listen?"

She struggled and roused herself—a faint tinge of color stole over her white cheeks—she bowed her head.

"Look at these," pursued Captain Wragge, holding up the envelopes. "If I turn these to the use for which they have been written, Mrs. Lecount's master will never receive Mrs. Lecount's letter. If I tear them up, he will know by to-morrow's post that you are the woman who visited him in Vauxhall Walk. Say the word! Shall I tear the envelopes up, or shall I put them back in my pocket?"

There was a pause of dead silence. The murmur of the summer waves on the shingle of the beach, and the voices of the summer idlers on the parade floated through the open window, and filled the empty stillness of the room.

She raised her head; she lifted her hand and pointed steadily to the envelopes.

"Put them back," she said.

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"I mean it."

As she gave that answer there was a sound of wheels on the road outside.

"You hear those wheels?" said Captain Wragge.

"I hear them."

"You see the chaise?" said the captain, pointing through the window, as the chaise which had been ordered from the inn made its appearance at the garden gate.

"I see it."

"And, of your own free-will, you tell me to go?"

"Yes. Go!"

Without another word he left her. The servant was waiting at the door with his traveling-bag. "Miss Bygrave is not well," he said. "Tell your mistress to go to her in the parlor."

He stepped into the gig and started on the first stage of the journey to St. Crux.

CHAPTER XII.

TOWARD three o'clock that afternoon Captain Wragge stopped at the nearest station to Ossory which the railway passed in its course through Essex. Inquiries made on the spot informed him that he might drive to St. Crux, remain there for a quarter of an hour, and return to the station in time for an evening train to London. In ten minutes more the captain was on the road again, driving rapidly in the direction of the coast.

After proceeding some miles on the highway, the carriage turned off, and the coachman involved himself in an intricate net-work of cross-roads.

"Are we far from St. Crux?" asked the captain, growing impatient, after mile on mile had been passed, without a sign of reaching the journey's end.

"You'll see the house, Sir, at the next turn in the road," said the man.

The next turn in the road brought them within view of the open country again. Ahead of the carriage Captain Wragge saw a long dark line against the sky—the line of the sea-wall which protects the low coast of Essex from inundation. The flat intermediate country was intersected by a labyrinth of tidal streams, winding up from the invisible sea in strange fantastic curves—rivers at high water, and channels of mud at low. On his right hand was a quaint little village, mostly composed of wooden houses, straggling down to the brink of one of the tidal streams. On his left hand, farther away, rose the gloomy ruins of an Abbey, with a long, low, desolate pile of building, of vast extent and great age, attached to it. One of the streams from the sea (called in Essex "backwaters") curled almost entirely round the house. Another, from an opposite quarter, appeared to run straight through the grounds, and to separate one side of the shapeless mass of buildings, which was in moderate repair, from another, which was little better than a ruin. Bridges of wood and bridges of brick crossed the stream, and gave access to the house from all points of the compass. No human creature appeared in the neighborhood, and no sound was heard but the hoarse barking of a house-dog from an invisible court-yard.

"Which door shall I drive to, Sir?" asked the coachman; "the front or the back?"

"The back," said Captain Wragge, feeling that the less notice he attracted in his present position the safer that position might be.

The carriage twice crossed the stream before the coachman made his way through the grounds into a dreary inclosure of stone. At an open door on the inhabited side of the place sat a weather-beaten old man-servant, busily at work on a half-finished model of a ship. He rose and came to the carriage door, lifting up his spectacles on his forehead, and looking disconcerted at the appearance of a stranger.

"Is Mr. Noel Vanstone staying here?" asked Captain Wragge.

"Yes, Sir," replied the old man. "Mr. Noel Vanstone came yesterday."

"Take that card to Mr. Vanstone, if you please," said the captain; "and say I am waiting here to see him."

In a few minutes Mr. Noel Vanstone made his appearance, breathless and eager, absorbed in anxiety for news from Aldborough. Captain Wragge opened the carriage door, seized his outstretched hand, and pulled him in without ceremony.

"Your housekeeper has gone," whispered the captain, "and you are to be married on Monday. Don't agitate yourself, and don't express your feelings—there isn't time for it. Get the first active servant you can find in the house to pack your bag in ten minutes, take leave of the admiral, and come back at once with me to the London train."

Mr. Noel Vanstone faintly attempted to ask a question. The captain declined to hear it.

"As much talk as you like on the road," he said. "Time is too precious for talking here. How do we know Lecount may not think better of it? How do we know she may not turn back before she gets to Zurich?"

That startling consideration terrified Mr. Noel Vanstone into instant submission.

"What shall I say to the admiral?" he asked, helplessly.

"Tell him you are going to be married, to be sure! What does it matter now Lecount's back is turned? If he wonders you didn't tell him before, say it's a runaway match, and the bride is waiting for you. Stop! Any letters addressed to you in your absence will be sent to this place, of course? Give the admiral these envelopes, and tell him to forward your letters under cover to me. I am an old customer at the hotel we are going to, and if we find the place full the landlord may be depended on to take care of any letters with my name on them. A safe address in London for your correspondence may be of the greatest importance. How do we know Lecount may not write to you on her way to Zurich?"

"What a head you have got!" cried Mr. Noel Vanstone, eagerly taking the envelopes. "You think of every thing."

He left the carriage in high excitement, and ran back into the house. In ten minutes more Captain Wragge had him in safe custody, and the horses started on their return journey.

The travelers reached London in good time that evening, and found accommodation at the hotel.

Knowing the restless, inquisitive nature of the man he had to deal with, Captain Wragge had anticipated some little difficulty and embarrassment in meeting the questions which Mr. Noel Vanstone might put to him on the way to London. To his great relief, a startling domestic discovery absorbed his traveling companion's whole attention at the outset of the journey. By some extraordinary oversight, Miss Bygrave had been left, on the eve of her marriage, unprovided with a maid! Mr. Noel Vanstone declared that he would take the whole responsibility of correcting this deficiency in the arrangements on his own shoulders; he would not trouble Mr. Bygrave to give him any assistance; he would confer, when they got to their journey's end, with the landlady of the hotel, and would examine the candidates for the vacant office himself. All the way to London he returned again and again to the same subject; all the evening, at the hotel, he was in and out of the landlady's sitting-room, until he fairly obliged her to lock the door. In every other proceeding which related to his marriage he had been kept in the back-ground; he had been compelled to follow in the footsteps of his ingenious friend. In the matter of the lady's-maid he claimed his fitting position at last—he followed nobody; he took the lead!

The forenoon of the next day was devoted to obtaining the license—the personal distinction of making the declaration on oath being eagerly accepted by Mr. Noel Vanstone, who swore in perfect good faith (on information previously obtained from the captain) that the lady was of age. The document procured, the bridegroom returned to examine the characters and qualifications of the women-servants out of place whom the landlady had engaged to summon to the hotel; while Captain Wragge turned his steps, "on business personal to himself," toward the residence of a friend in a distant quarter of London.

The captain's friend was connected with the law, and the captain's business was of a two-fold nature. His first object was to inform himself of the legal bearings of the approaching marriage on the future of the husband and the wife. His second object was to provide beforehand for destroying all traces of the destination to which he might betake himself when he left Aldborough on the wedding-day. Having reached his end successfully in both these cases, he returned to the hotel, and found Mr. Noel Vanstone nursing his offended dignity in the landlady's sitting-room. Three ladies'-maids had appeared to pass their examination, and had all, on coming to the question of wages, impudently declined accepting the place. A fourth candidate was expected to present herself on the next day; and, until she made her appearance, Mr. Noel Vanstone positively declined removing from the metropolis. Captain Wragge showed his annoyance openly at the unnecessary delay thus occasioned in the return to Aldborough, but without producing any effect. Mr. Noel Vanstone shook his obstinate little head, and solemnly refused to trifle with his responsibilities.

The first event which occurred on Saturday morning was the arrival of Mrs. Lecount's letter to her master, inclosed in one of the envelopes which the captain had addressed to himself. He received it (by previous arrangement with the waiter) in his bedroom, read it with the closest attention, and put it away carefully in his pocket-book. The letter was ominous of serious events to come when the housekeeper returned to England, and it was due to Magdalen—who was the person threatened—to place the warning of danger in her own possession.

Later in the day the fourth candidate appeared for the maid's situation—a young woman of small expectations and subdued manners, who looked (as the landlady remarked) like a person conversant with misfortunes. She passed the ordeal of examination successfully, and accepted the wages offered without a murmur. The engagement having been ratified on both sides, fresh delays ensued, of which Mr. Noel Vanstone was once more the cause. He had not yet made up his mind whether he would or would not give more than a guinea for the wedding-ring; and he wasted the rest of the day to such disastrous purpose in one jeweler's shop after another, that he and the captain, and the new lady's-maid (who traveled with them), were barely in time to catch the last train from London that evening.

It was late at night when they left the railway at the nearest station to Aldborough. Captain Wragge had been strangely silent all through the journey. His mind was ill at ease. He had left Magdalen under very critical circumstances, with no fit person to control her, and he was wholly ignorant of the progress of events, in his absence, at North Shingles.

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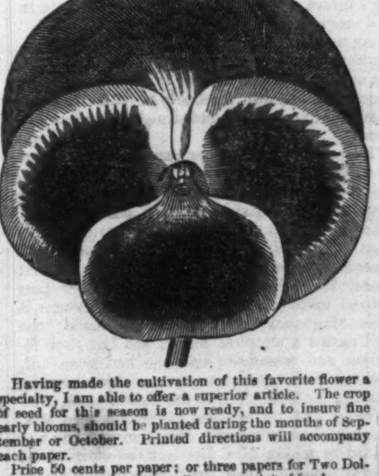

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